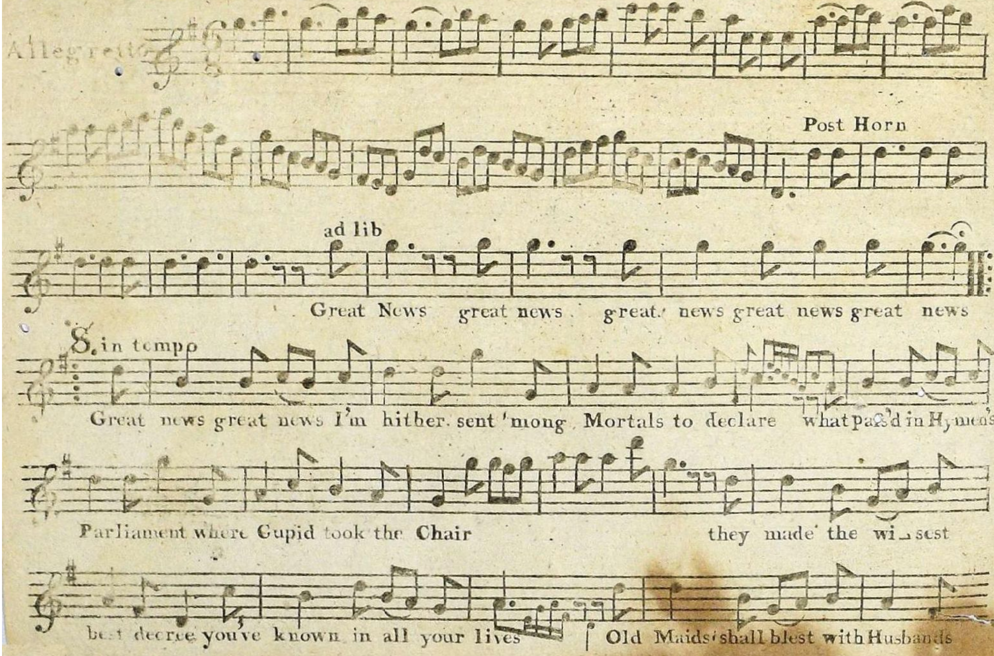
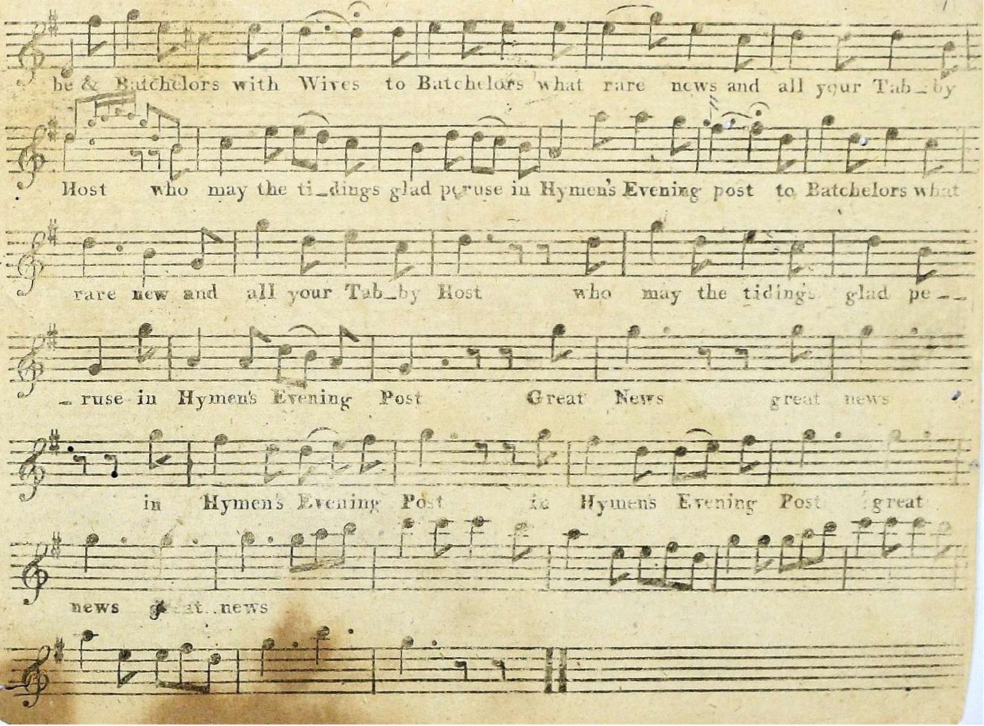
HYMEN's EVENING POST.

Sung by Mr DIGNUM at VAUXHALL GARDEN



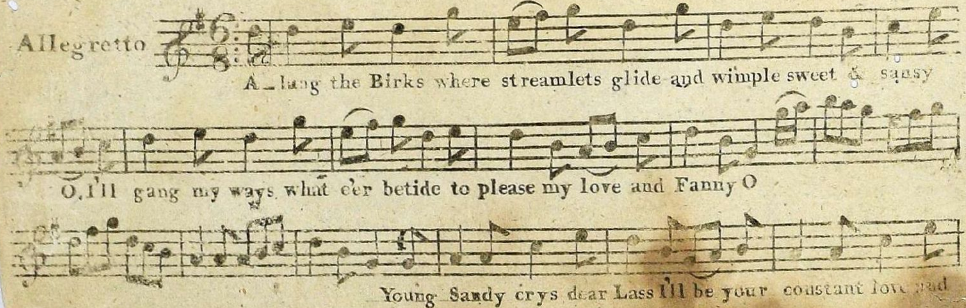

be & Batchelors with Wives to Batchelors what rare news and all your Tab_by
Host who may the ti_dings glad peruse in Hymen's Evening post to Batchelors what
rare new and all your Tab_by Host who may the tidings glad pe__
_ruse in Hymen's Evening Post Great News great news
in Hymen's Evening Post in Hymen's Evening Post great
news great news

By every Batchelor for life,
A duty must be paid,
Refusing now to take for Wife,
An antiquated Maid;
Poor Soul! how great must be her joy,
When such a lot escapes!
No more with Pug & Puss to toy,
And freed from leading Apes,
What wonderful surprizing news,
For all your Tabby Host &c.

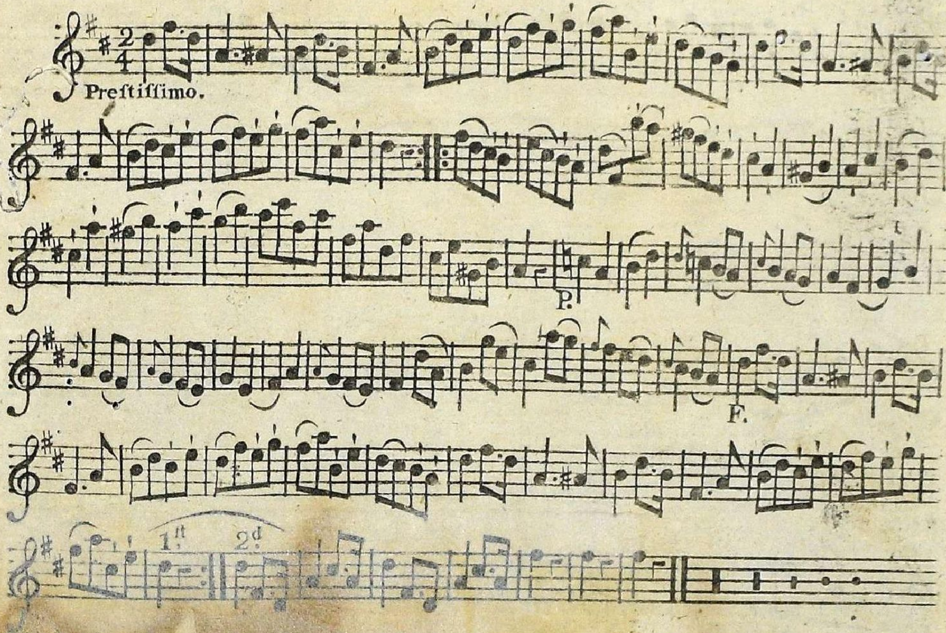
A Batchelor moreover is,
A poor unhappy Elf,
Who void of all domestic bliss,
Lays snoring by himself,
He need not now to cheer his mind,
In search of Gossip roam,
For sure as fate he'll always find,
Enough of that at home,
For Batchelors what pleasing news,
And all your Tabby Host &c.

THE BRAES OF KILLICRANKY O.

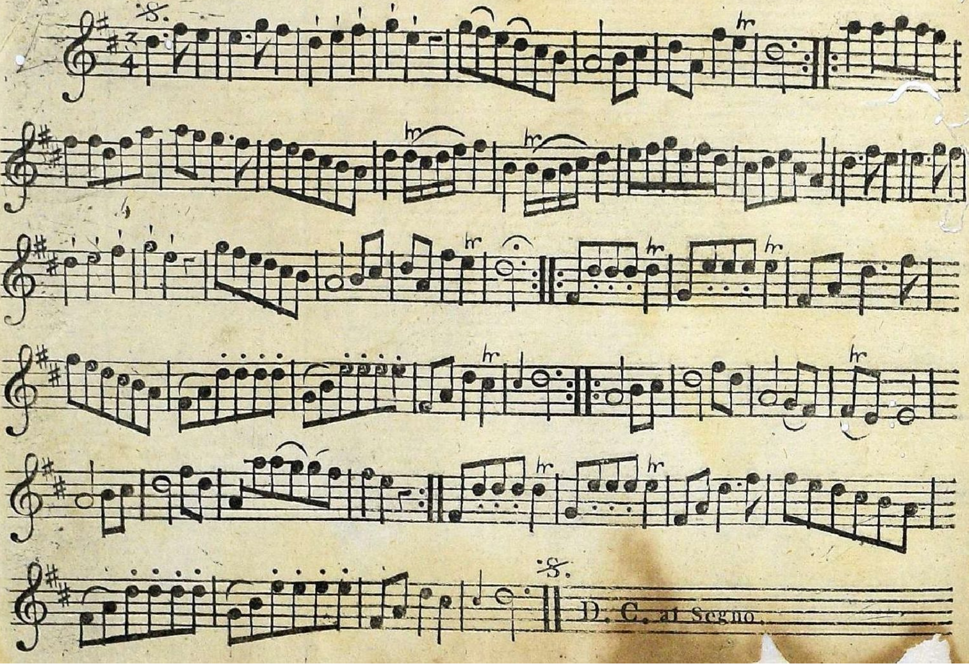
A Favorite New Scotch Song.



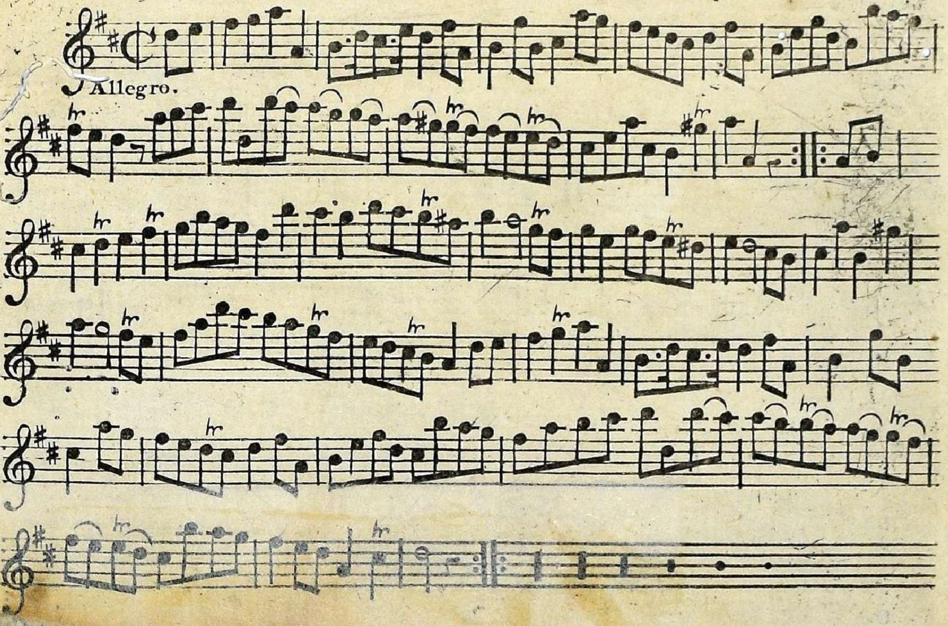
AIR by ABEL.



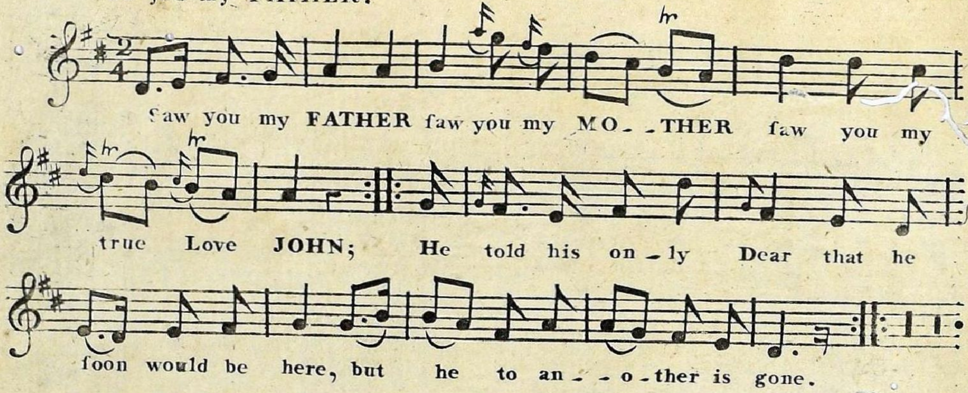
MARTINI's favourite MINUET.



A Favourite GAVOT, by Mr. STANLEY.



Saw you my FATHER.



(2)

I faw not your Father,
I faw not your Mother,
But I faw your true Love John;
He has met with fome delay,
Which has caufed him to ftay,
But he will be here anon.

(3)

Then John he up arofe,
And to the Door he goes,
And he twirled, he twirled at the Pin;
The Laffie took the hint,
And to the Door fhe went,
And fhe let her true Love in.

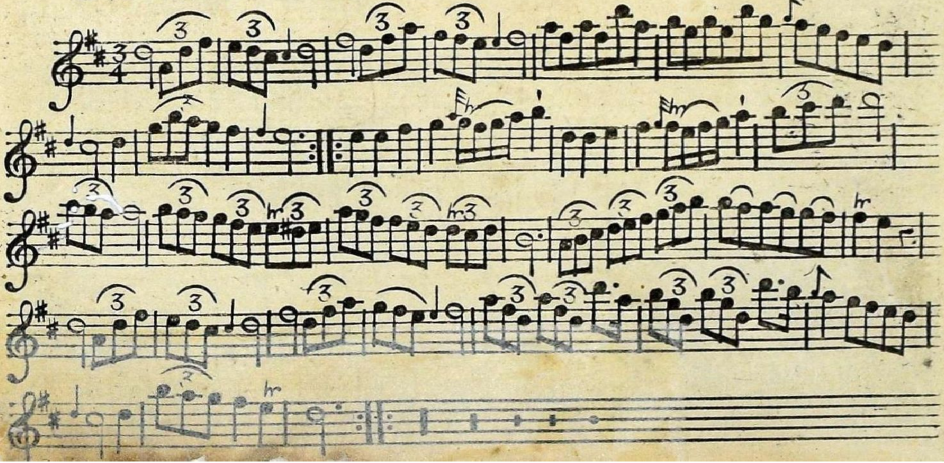
(4)

Fly up fly up,
My bonny Grey Cock,
And Crow when it is Day;
Your Breaſt ſhall be,
Of the beaming Gold,
And your Wings of the Silver Grey.

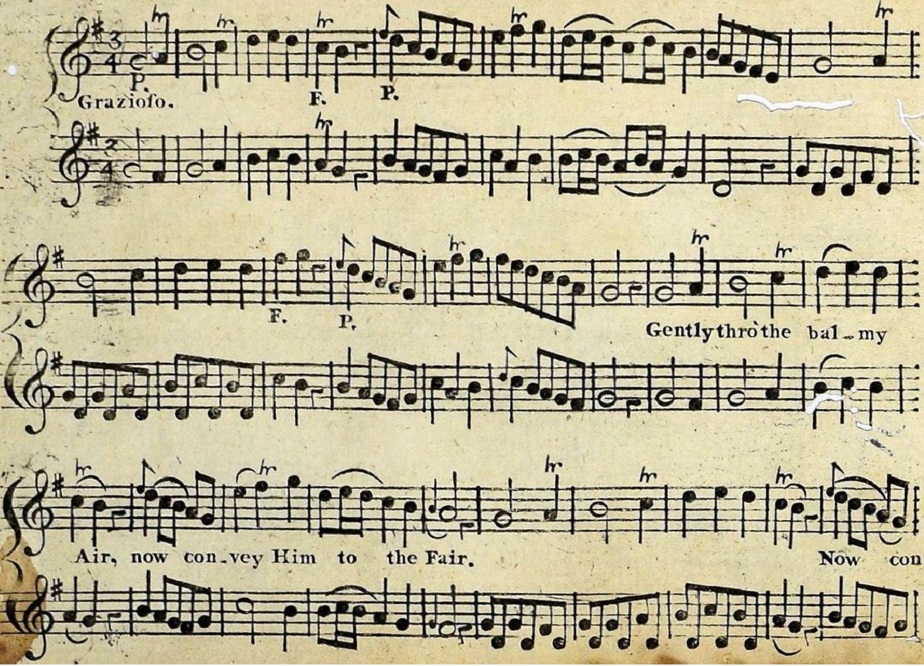
(6)

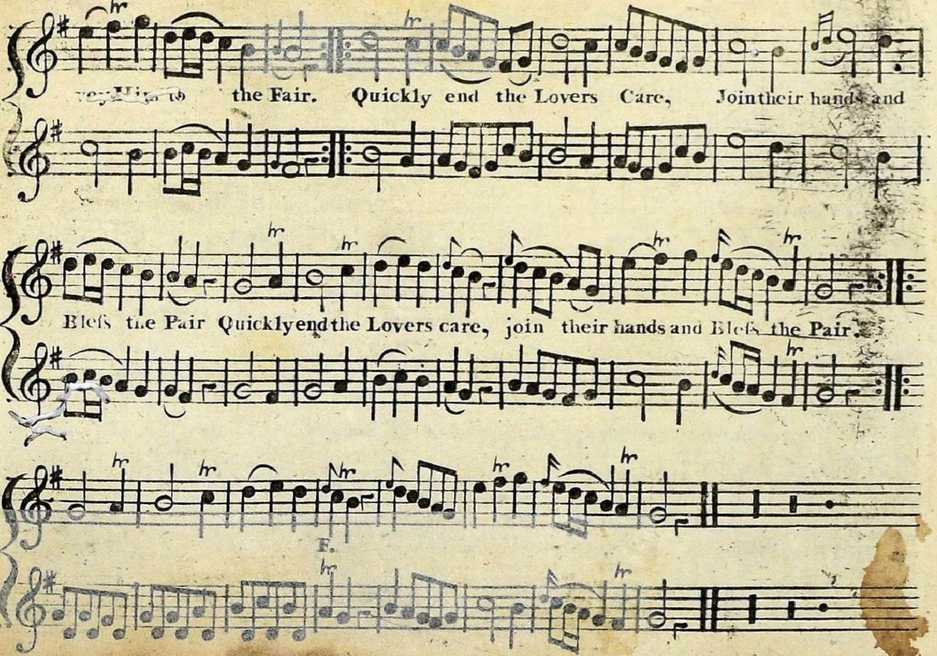
The Cock he proved falſe,
And untrue he was,
For he Crowed an Hour too ſoon;
The Laſſie thought it Day,
So ſhe ſent her Love away,
And it proved but the blink of the Moon.

A Favourite ITALIAN MINUET.

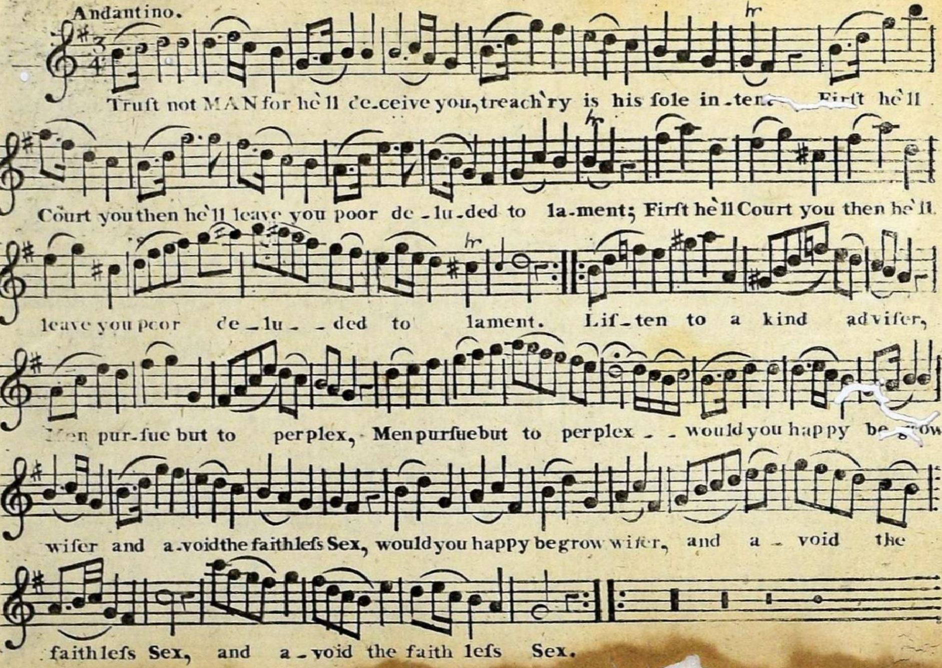


Sung by Mr. VERNON in the WITCHES. for two FLUTES.




the Fair. Quickly end the Lovers Care, Jointheir hands and
Blefs the Pair Quicklyend the Lovers care, join their hands and Blefs the Pair.
F.

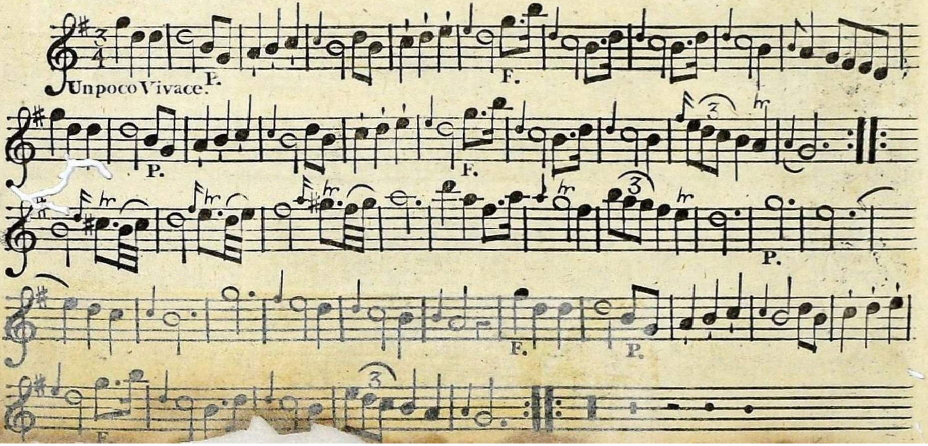
A Favorite Venetian BALLAD.



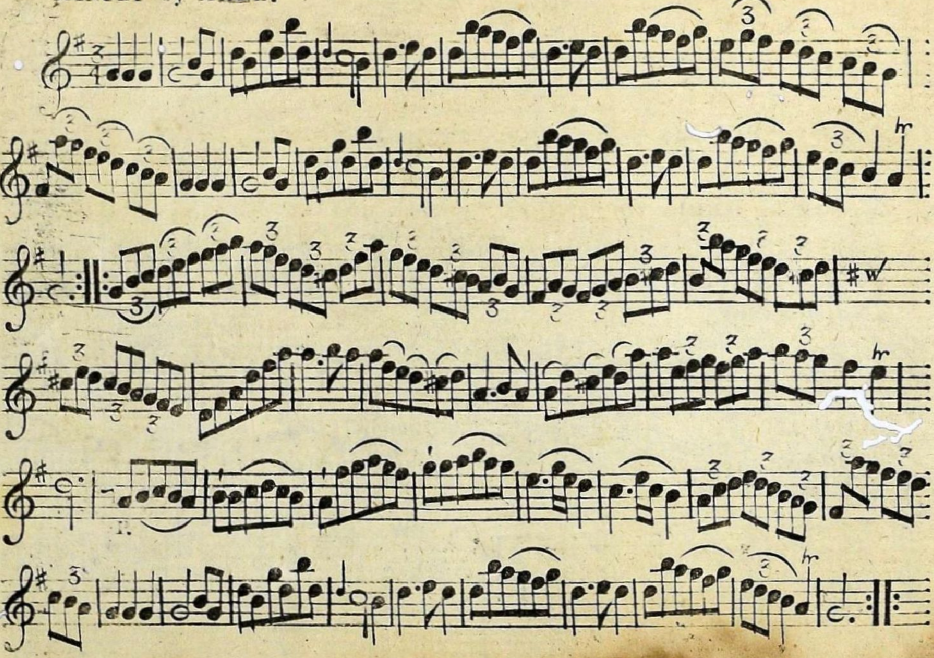
(2)

Form'd by Nature to undo us,
They efcape our utmoft heed;
Ah! how humble, while they woo us,
But, how vain if they fucceed.
So the Bird when e'er deluded,
By the artfull Fowler's fnare;
Mourns out Life in Cage fecluded,
Fair ones while you're Young beware.

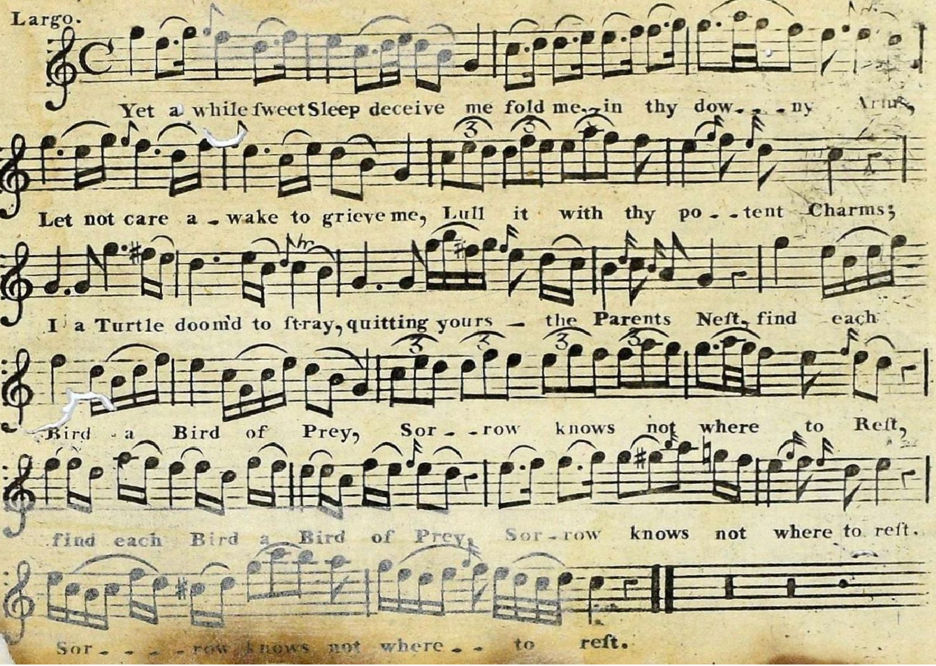
MINUET by ABEL.



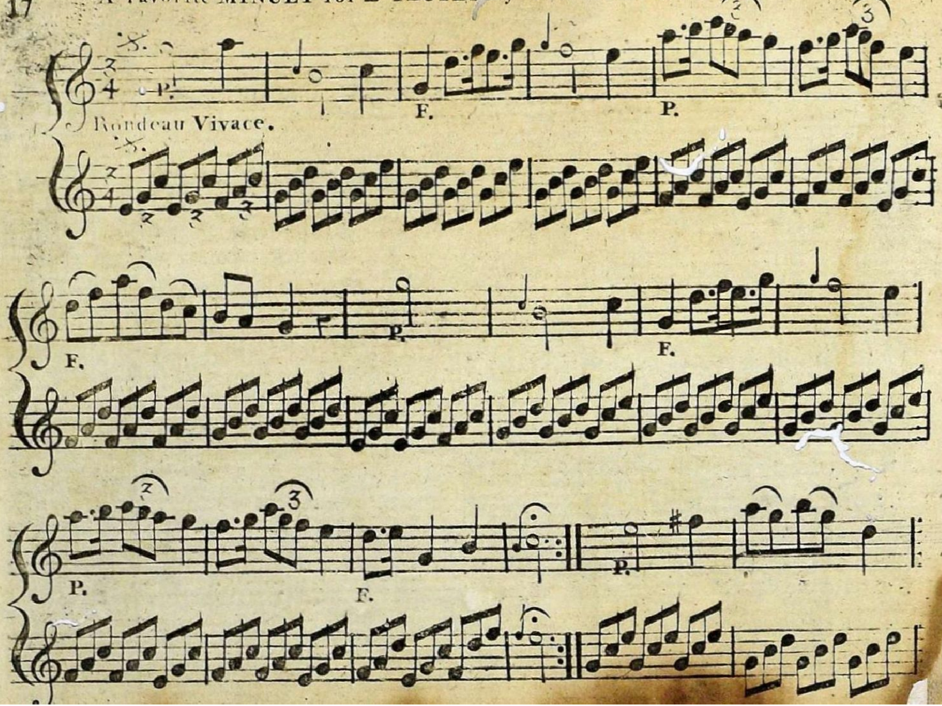
MINUET by ABEL.

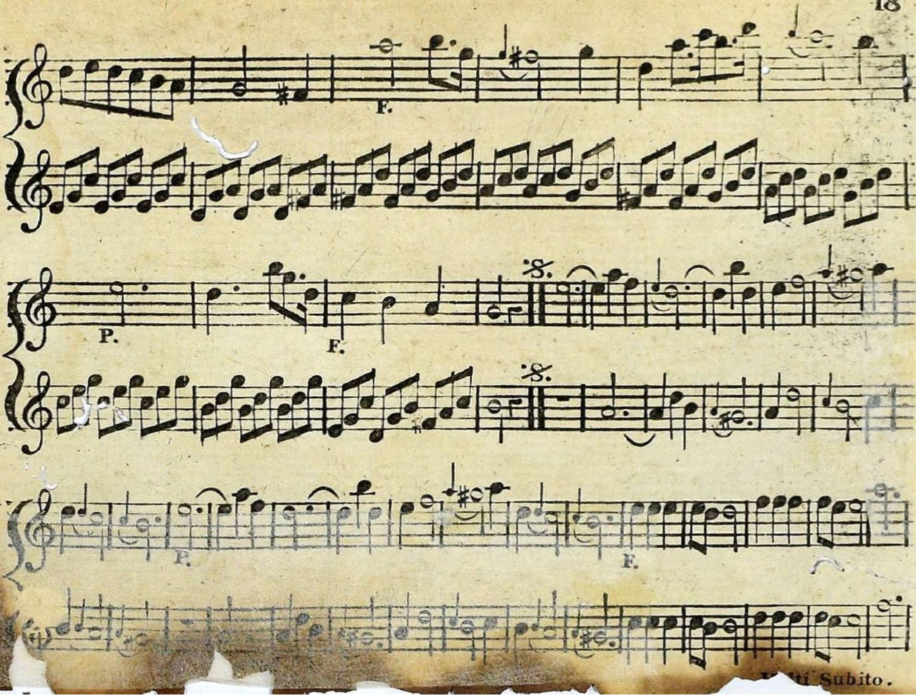


Sung by M.rs ARNE in CYMON.

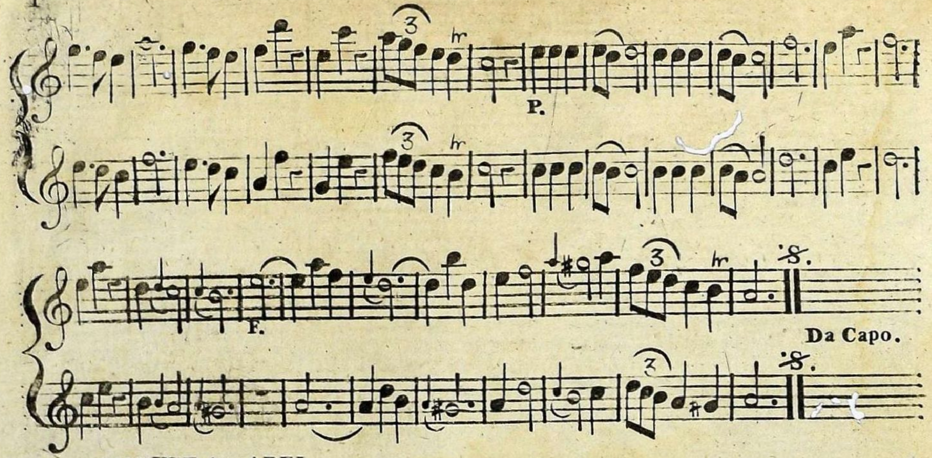


A Favorite MINUET for 2 FLUTES by Van Maldere.

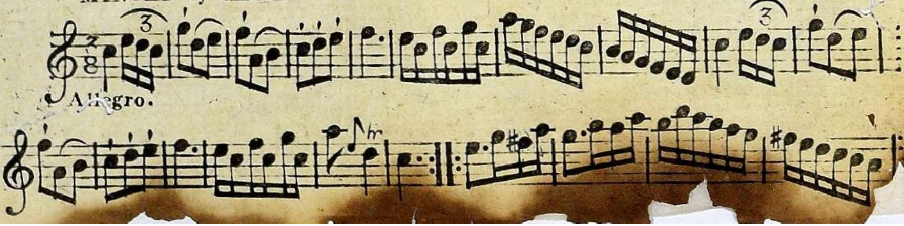


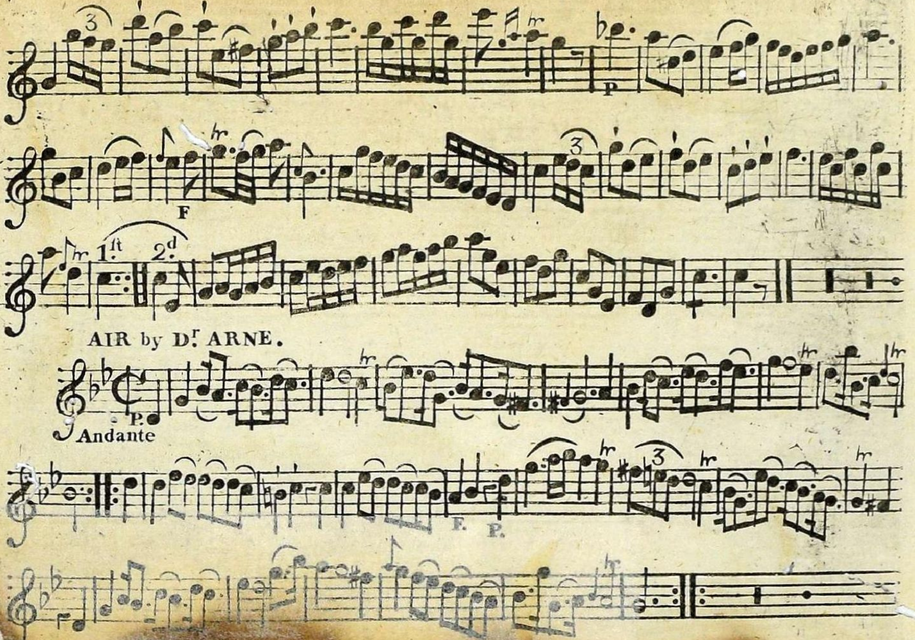


Volti Subito.

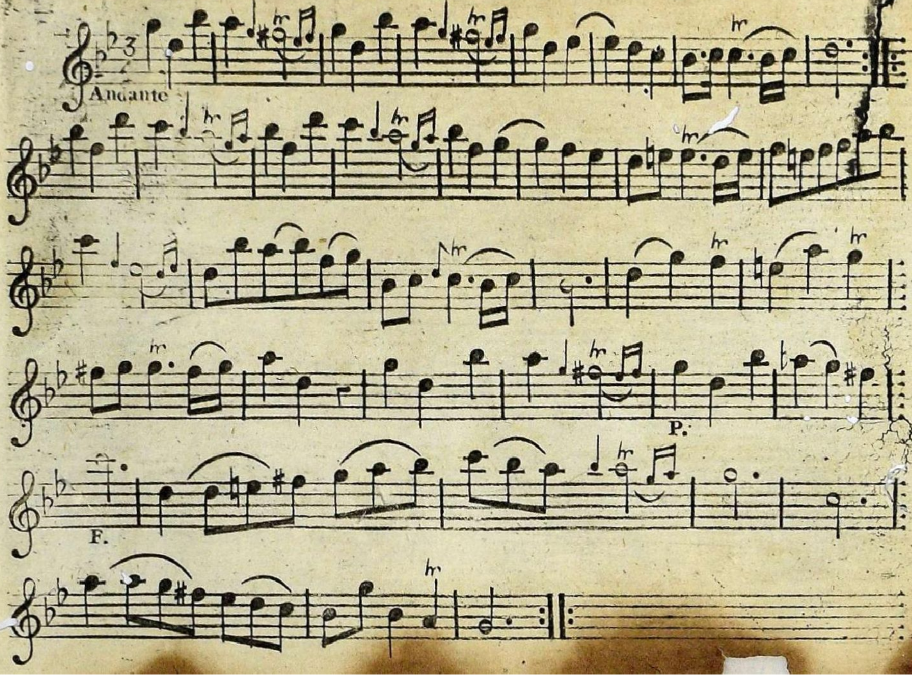


MINUET by ABEL.

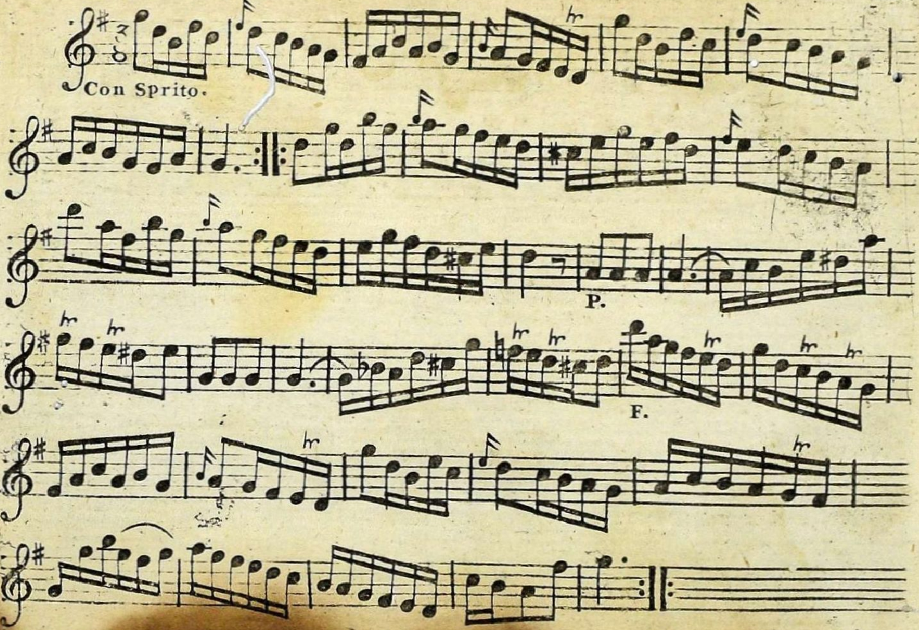



P
F
1st
2d
AIR by Dr. ARNE.
P.
Andante
F.
P.

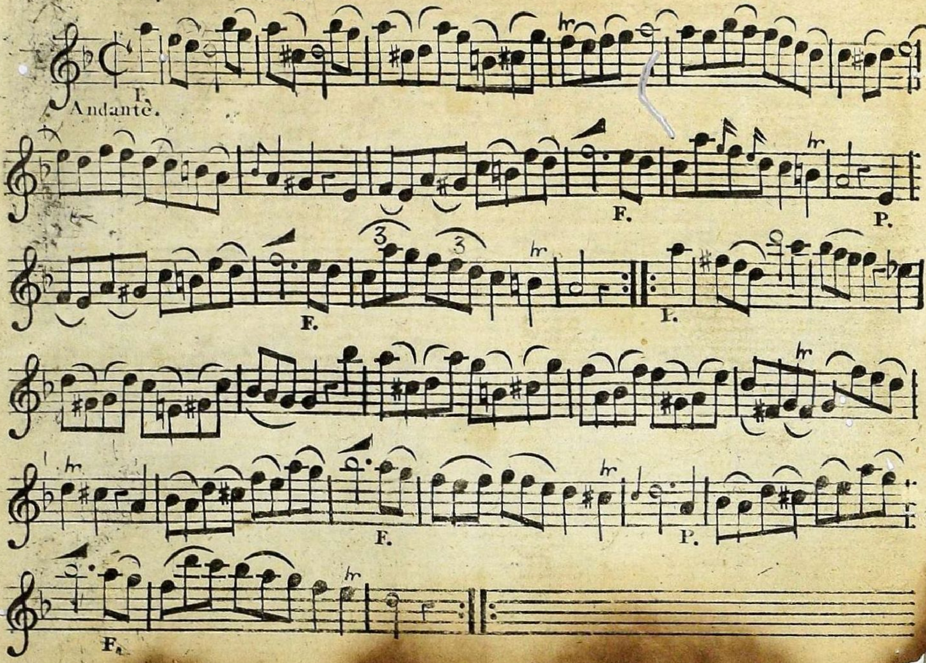
MINUET by Dr. ARNE.

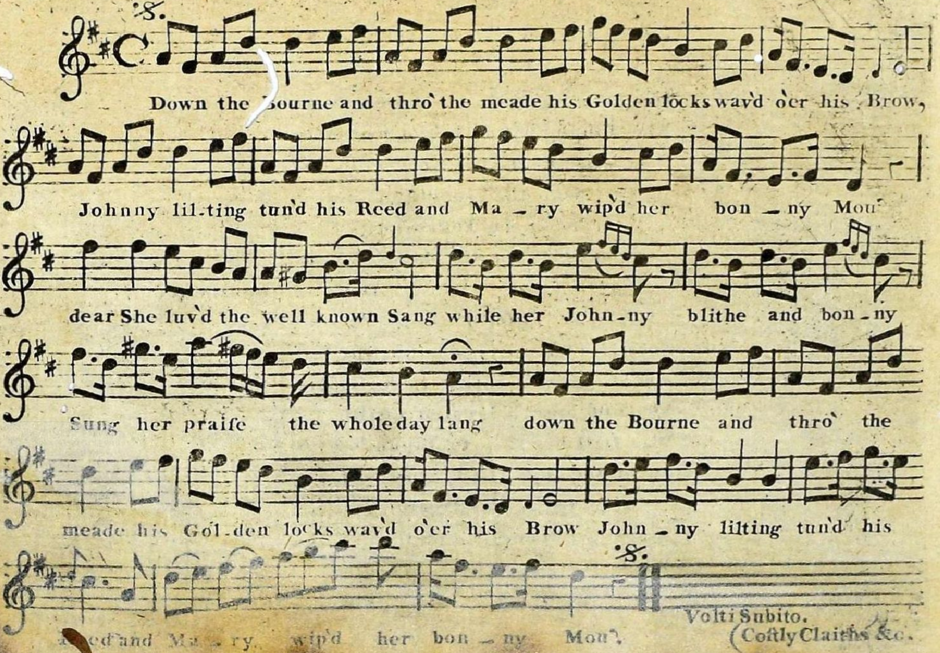


MINUET by Dr. ARNE.



AIR by Dr. ARNE.




Down the Bourne and thro' the meade his Golden locks wav'd o'er his Brow,
Johnny lil-ting tun'd his Reed and Ma - ry wip'd her bon - ny Mou'
dear She luv'd the well known Sang while her John - ny blithe and bon - ny
Sung her praise the whole day lang down the Bourne and thro' the
meade his Gol-den locks wav'd o'er his Brow John - ny lilting tun'd his
eed and Ma - ry wip'd her bon - ny Mou'.
Volti Subito.
(Costly Claiths &c.

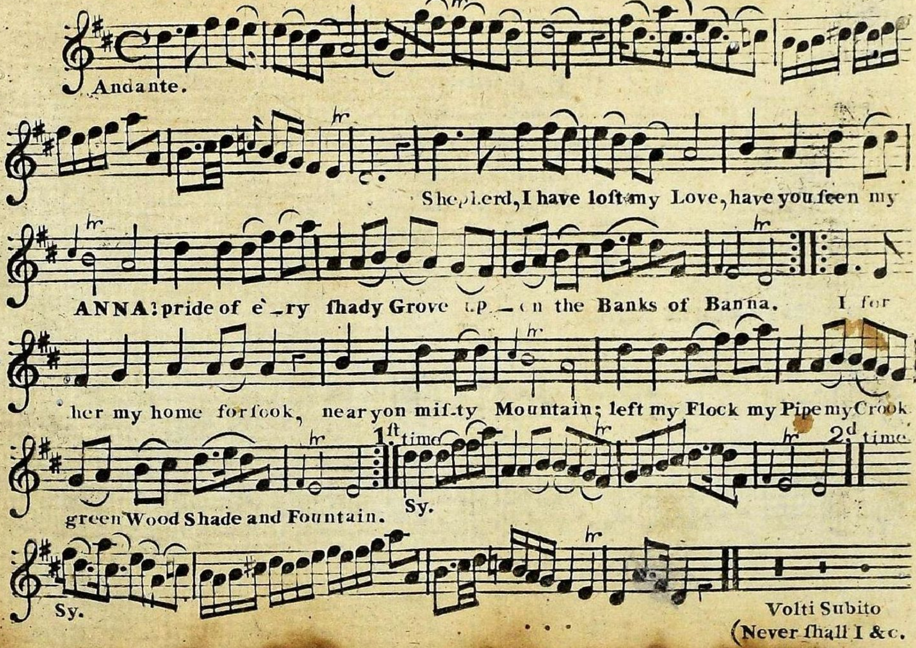
(2)

Coftly Claiths fhe had but few;
Of Rings & Jewels nae great ftore;
Her Face was fair, her Love was true,
And Johnny wifely wifh'd nae more:
Love's the Pearl the Shepherd's Prize;
O'er the Mountain,
Near the Fountain,
Love delights the Shepherd's Eyes.
Down the Bourne &c.

(3)

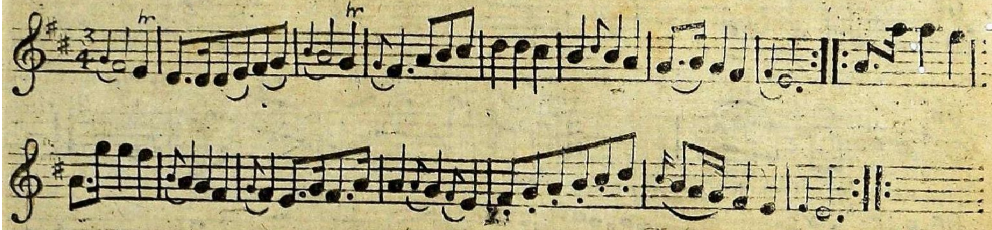
Gold & Titles give not health,
And Johnny cou'd nae thefe impart;
Youthfu' Mary's greateft wealth
Was ftill her faithfu' Johnny's heart:
Sweet the joys the Lovers find,
Great the Treafure,
Sweet the Pleafure
Where the Heart is always kind.
Down the Bourne &c.

SHEPHERD I have loſt my Love. A favorite IRISH AIR Sung by M^r. Leoni

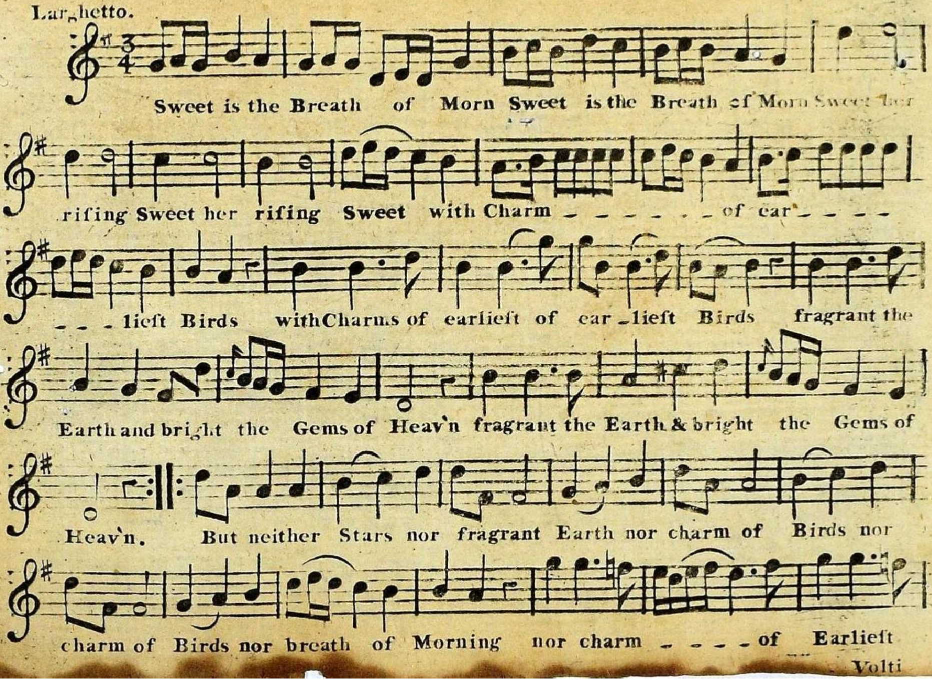


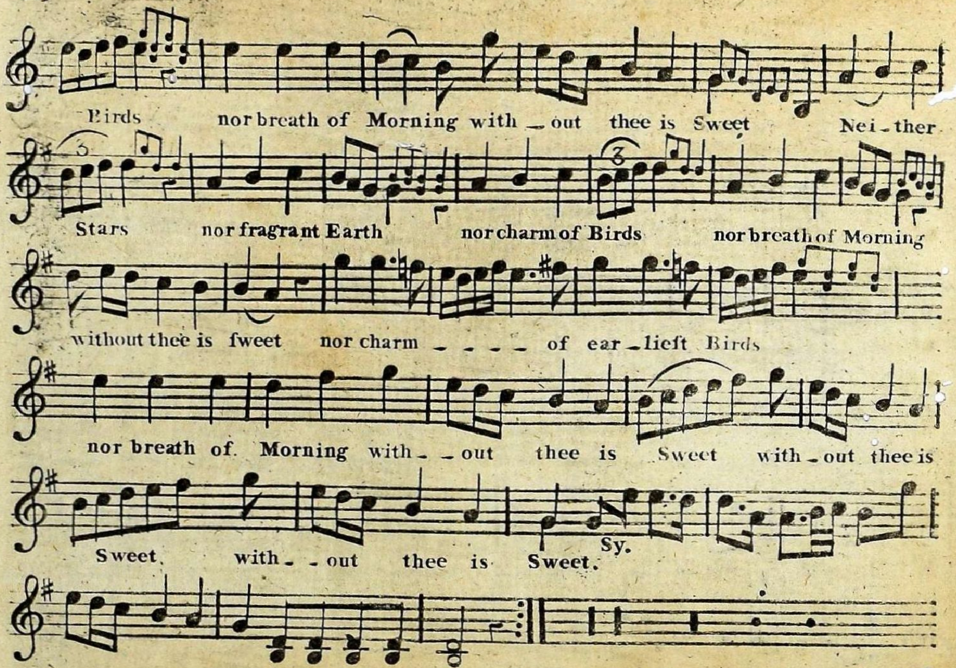
Never ſhall I ſee them more,
'Till with her returning,
Ev'ry joy of Life is o'er,
Mirth is chang'd to Mourning.
Whither is my Charmer flown!
Shepherd, muſt we ſever!
Wo is me! I fear ſhe's gone.
Alas! from me for ever.

Lady STANLEY's Minuet.

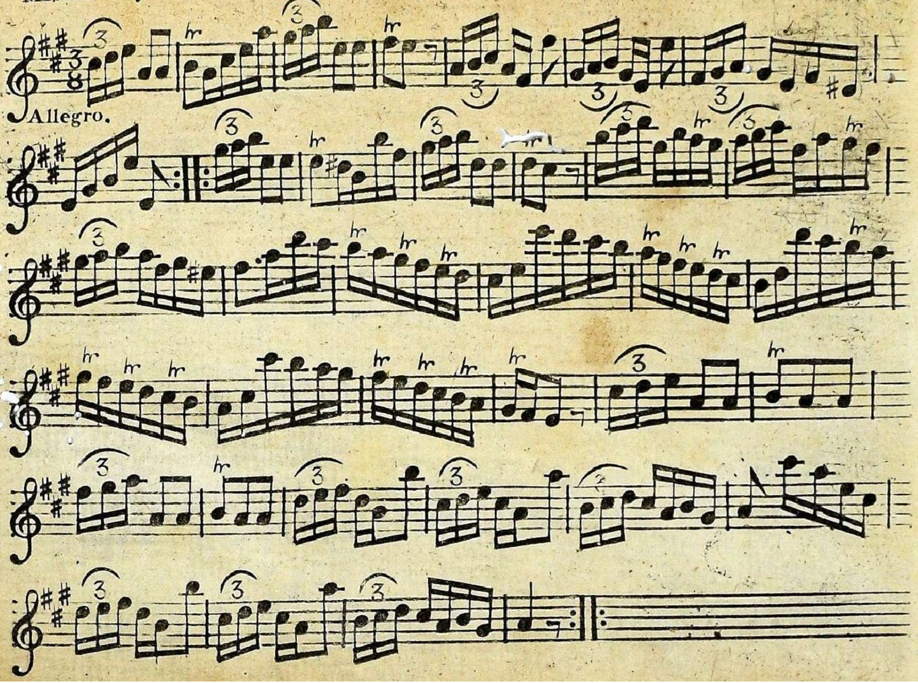


SWEET is the BREATH of MORN.

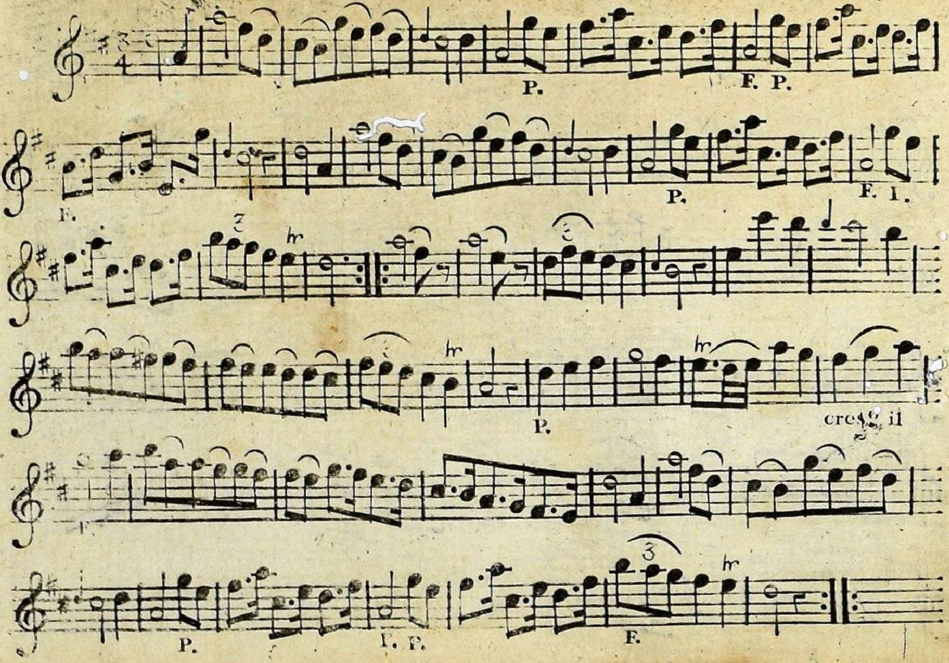



Birds nor breath of Morning with _ out thee is Sweet Nei _ ther
Stars nor fragrant Earth nor charm of Birds nor breath of Morning
without thee is fweet nor charm - - - - of ear _ lieft Birds
nor breath of Morning with _ _ out thee is Sweet with _ out thee is
Sweet. with _ _ out thee is Sweet.
Sy.

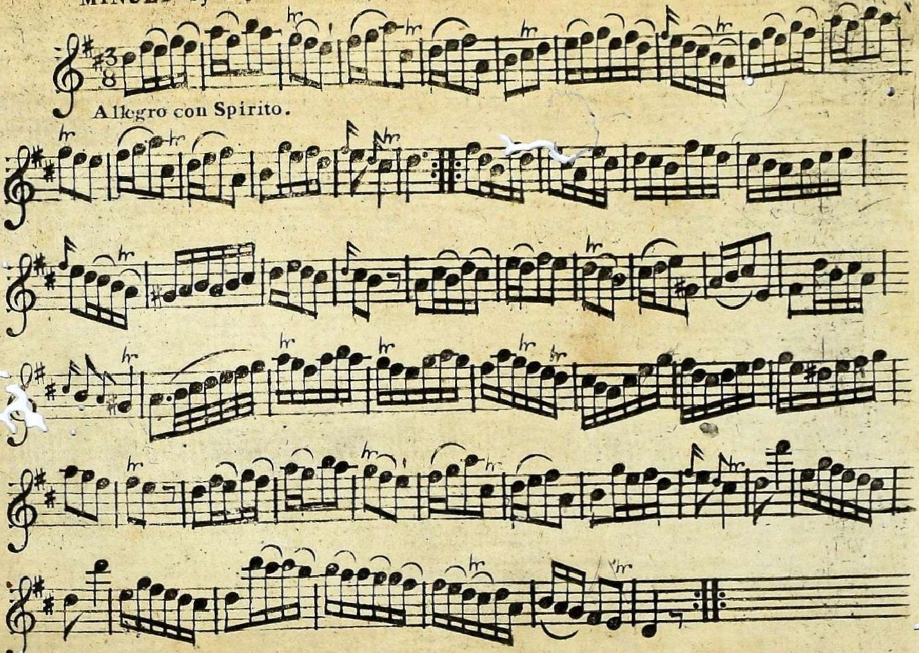
MINUET by Dr. ARNE.



MINUET by ABEL.

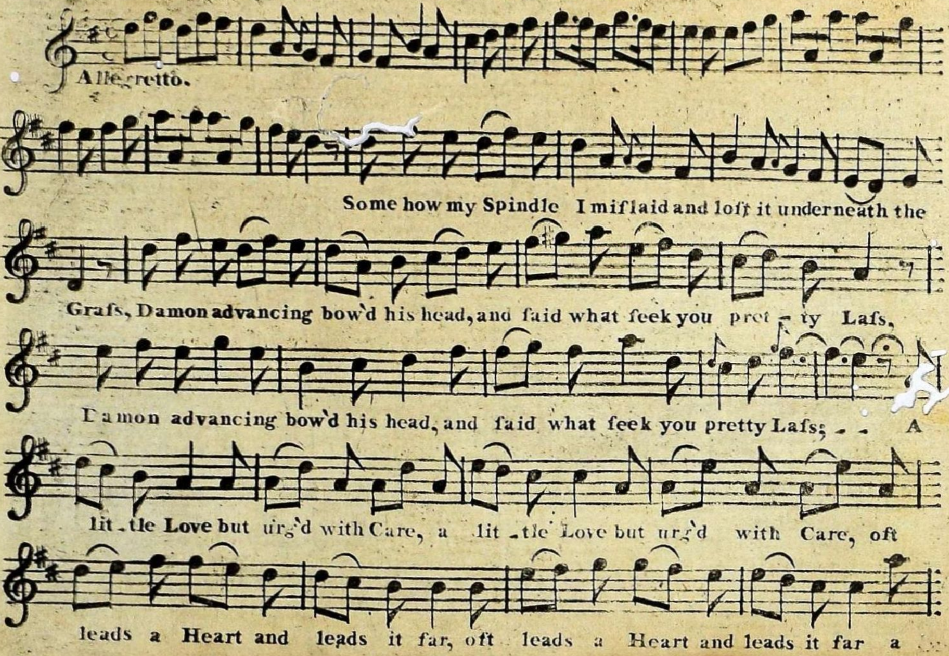


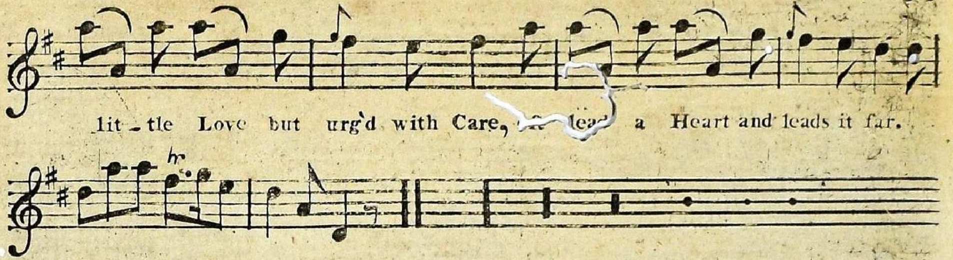
MINUET by Dr. ARNE.



33

Sung by Mrs. WRIGHTEN in the DESERTER.





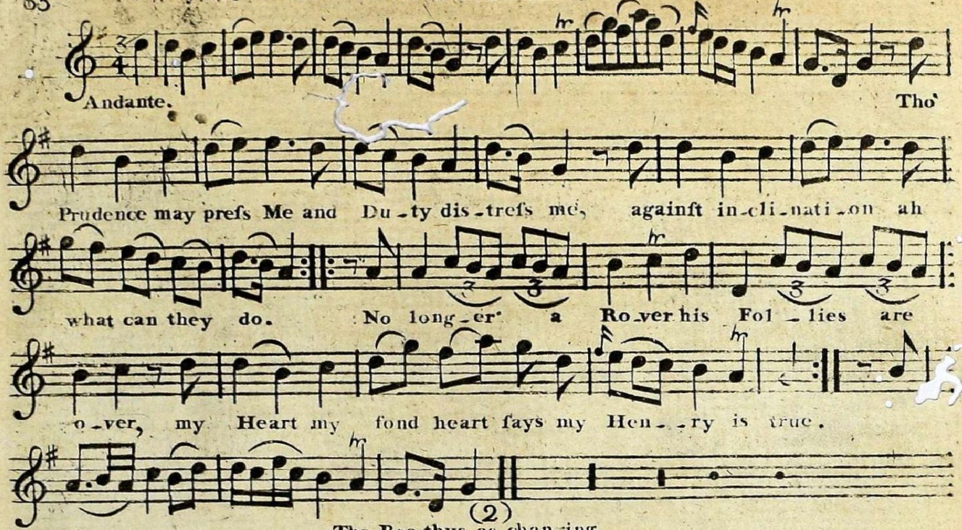
2

Twas pafsing by yon fpreading Oak,
That I my Spindle loft juft now;
His Knife then kindly Damon took,
And from the Tree he cut a Bough;
A little Love when urg'd with Care,
Will lead a heart, and lead it far.

3

Thus did the Youth his time employ,
While me he tenderly beheld;
He talk'd of Love, I leap'd for joy,
For ah! my Heart did fondly yield;
A little Love when urg'd with Care,
Will lead a heart, and lead it far.

 Sung by Mrs. SMITH in the DESERTER.

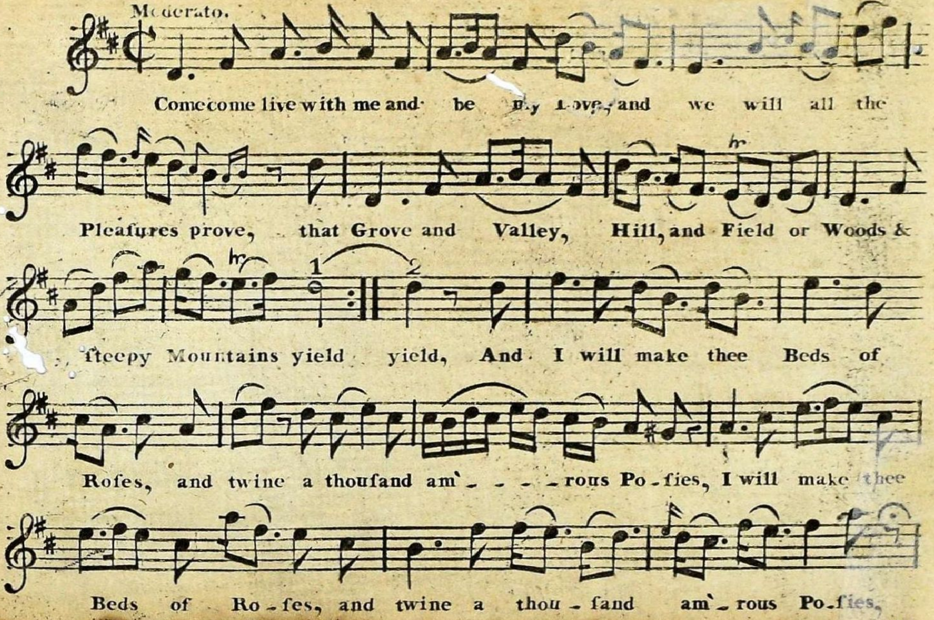


(2)

The Bee thus as changing,
From ſweet, to ſweet ranging;
A Roſe ſhou'd he light on. Ne'er wiſhes to ſtay.
With rapture poſſeſſing,
In one ev'ry Bleſſing
'Till torn from her Boſom he flies far away.

Come Live with ME & be my LOVE &c.

Sung by MISS CATLEY, Set by Dr ARNE.



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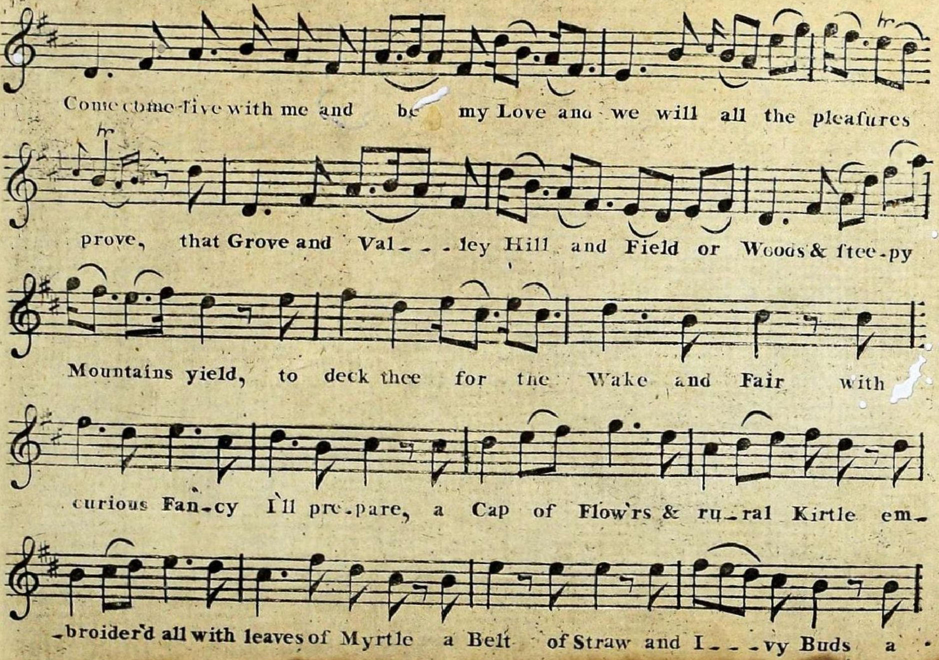
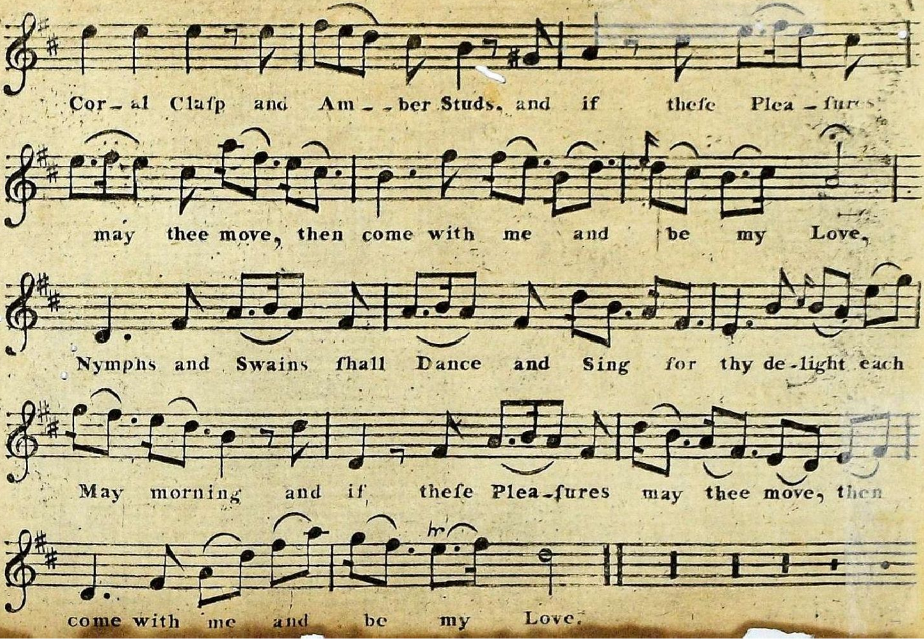
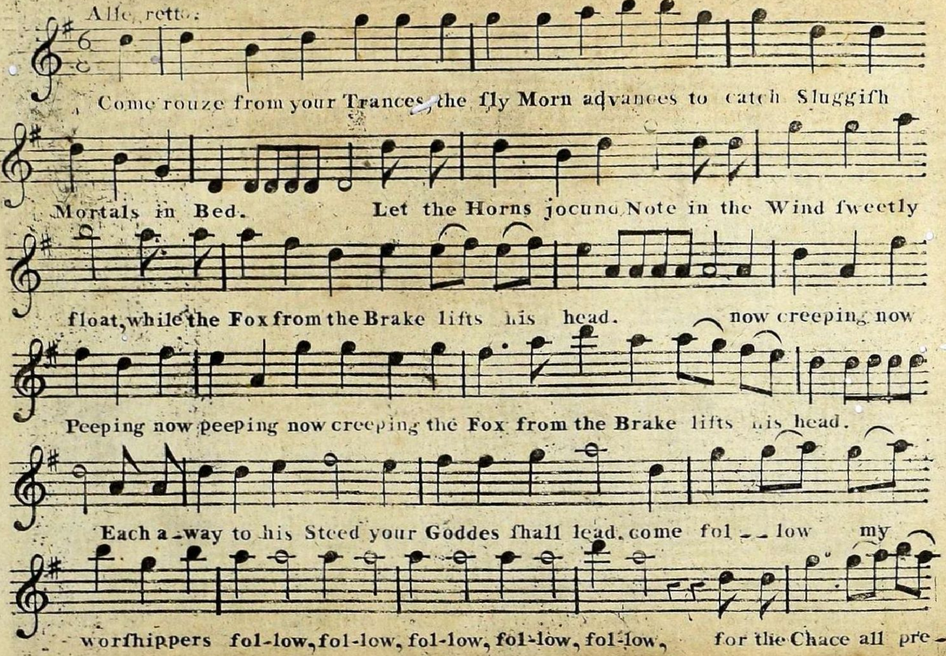
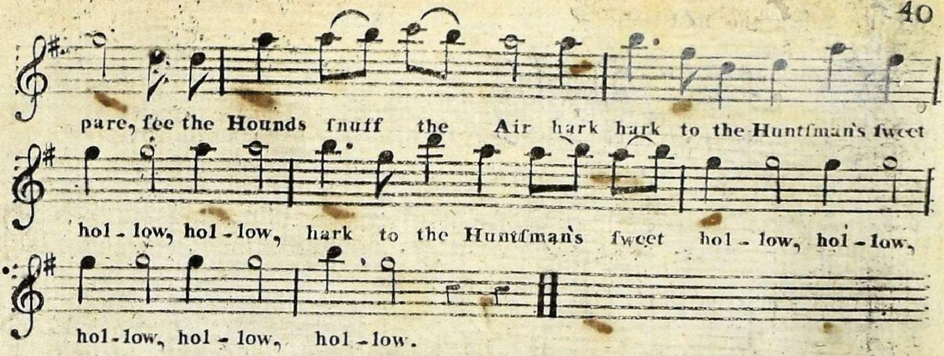

Come come-live with me and be my Love and we will all the pleafures
prove, that Grove and Val - - - ley Hill and Field or Woods & ftee-py
Mountains yield, to deck thee for the Wake and Fair with
curious Fan-cy I'll pre-pare, a Cap of Flow'rs & ru-ral Kirtle em-
-broider'd all with leaves of Myrtle a Belt of Straw and I - - - vy Buds a


Cor _ al Claſp and Am _ _ ber Studs, and if theſe Plea _ ſures
may thee move, then come with me and be my Love,
Nymphs and Swains ſhall Dance and Sing for thy de - light each
May morning and if theſe Plea - ſures may thee move, then
come with me and be my Love.

 Sung by M.rs WRIGHTEN, in the Maid of the Oaks.

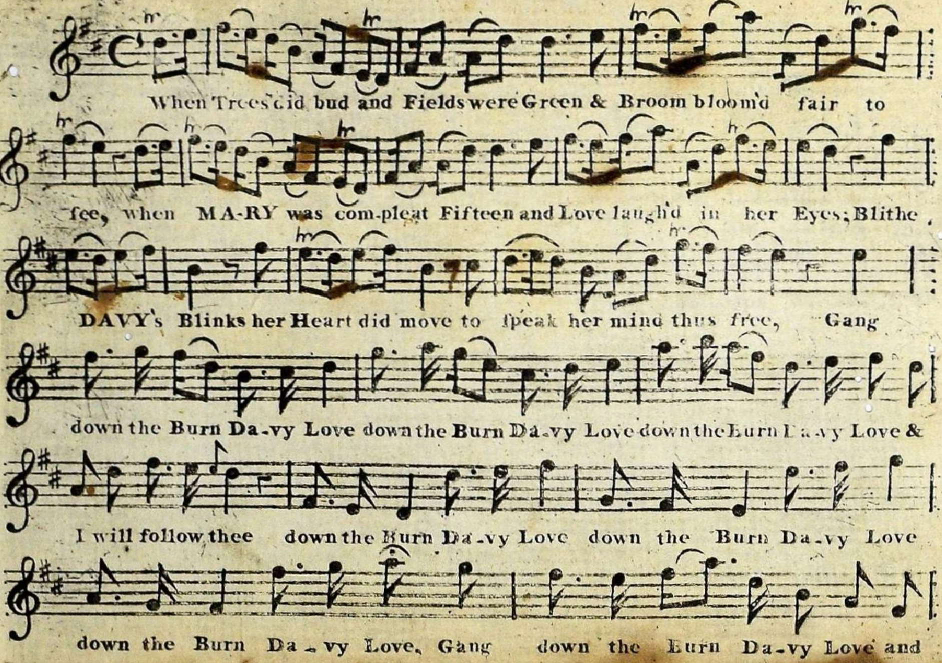




(2)

Hark Jowler, hark Lover, ſee Reynard breaks Cover,
The Hunters fly over the Ground,
Now they ſkim o'er the Plain, now they dart down the Lane,
And the Hills, Woods, and Vallies reſound,
With ſplaſhing and daſhing, with ſplaſhing and daſhing,
The Hills, Woods, and Vallies reſound,
Then away with full Speed your Goddes ſhall lead,
Come follow my worſhippers follow,
For the Chace all prepare, ſee the Hounds ſnuff the Air,
Hark, hark, to the Huntſman's ſweet Hollow.

Down the BOURNE DAVY. —— New Sett.



(2)

Now Davy did each Lad furpas
That dwelt on this Burn fide,
And Mary was the Bonnieft Lafs,
Juft meet to be a Bride.
Blithe Davy's blinks &c.

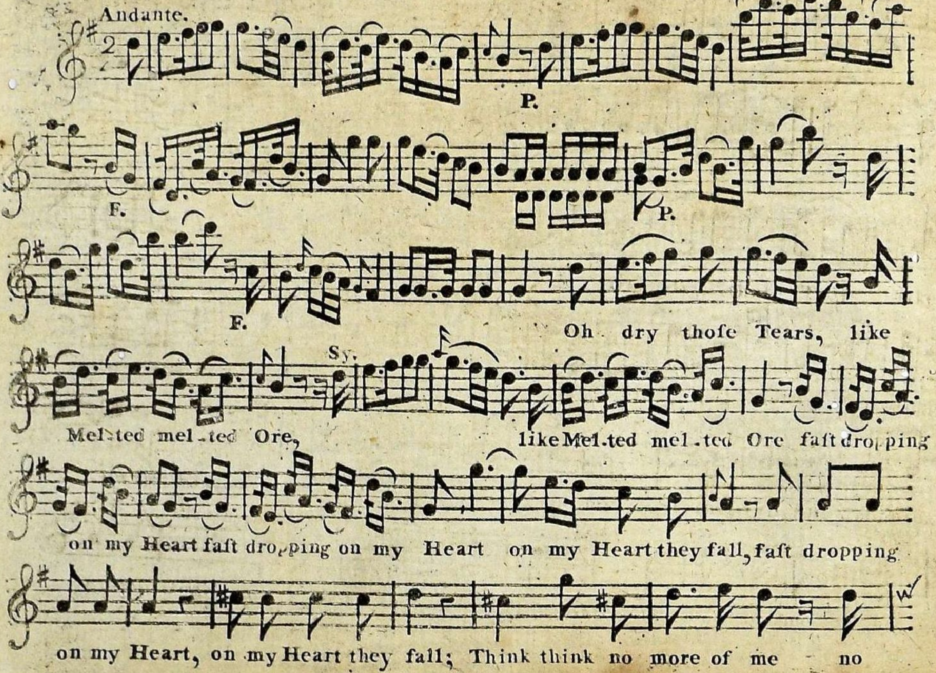
(3)

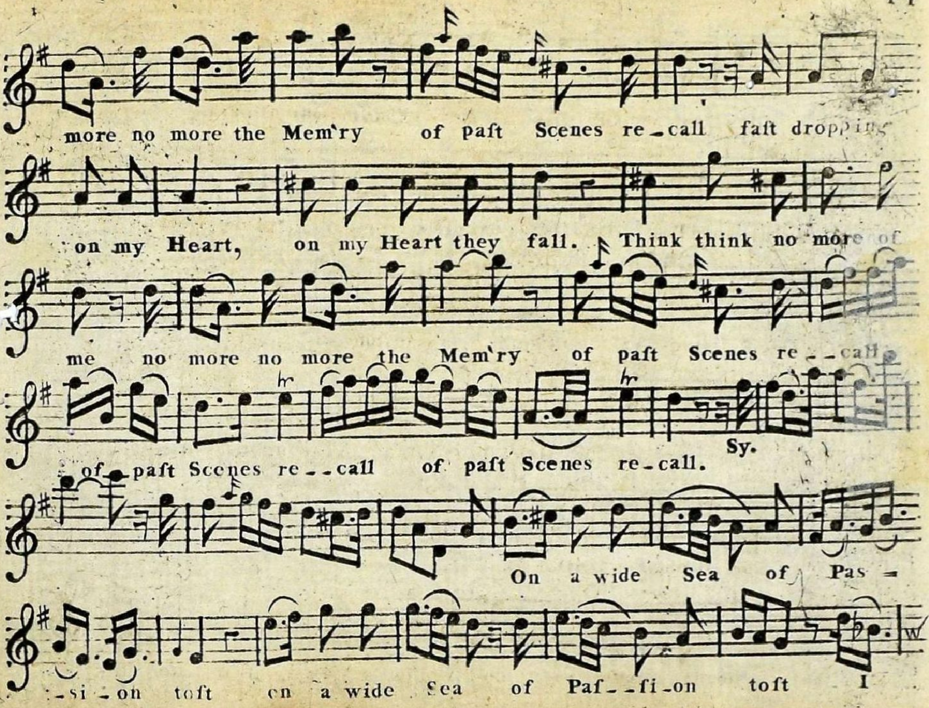
Her Cheeks were Rofie red and white,
Her Een was bonny Blue;
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her Lips like dropping Dew.
Blithe Davy's blinks &c.

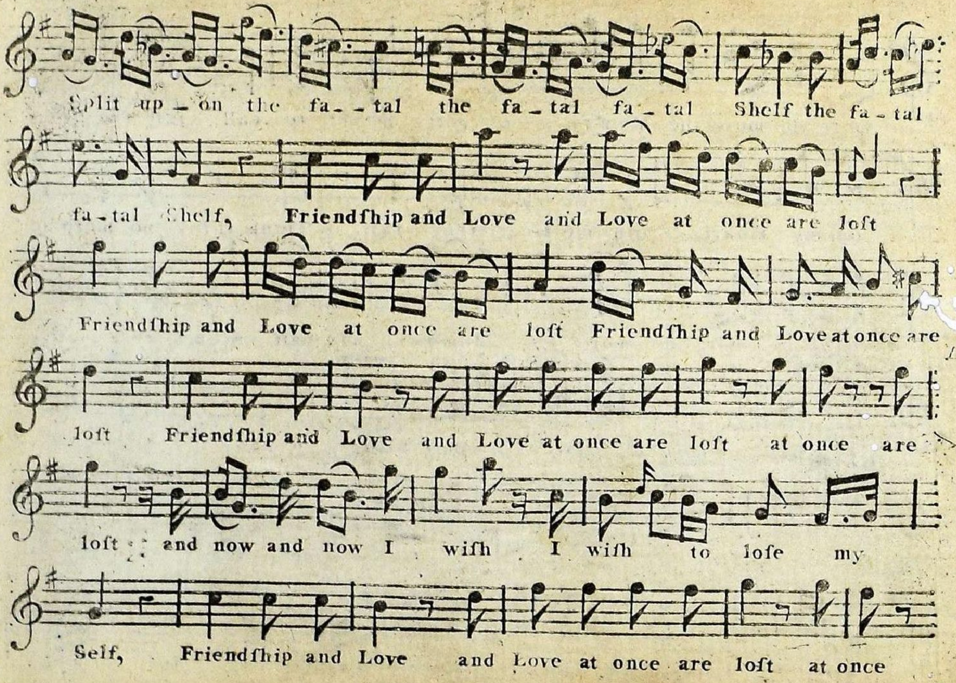
(4)

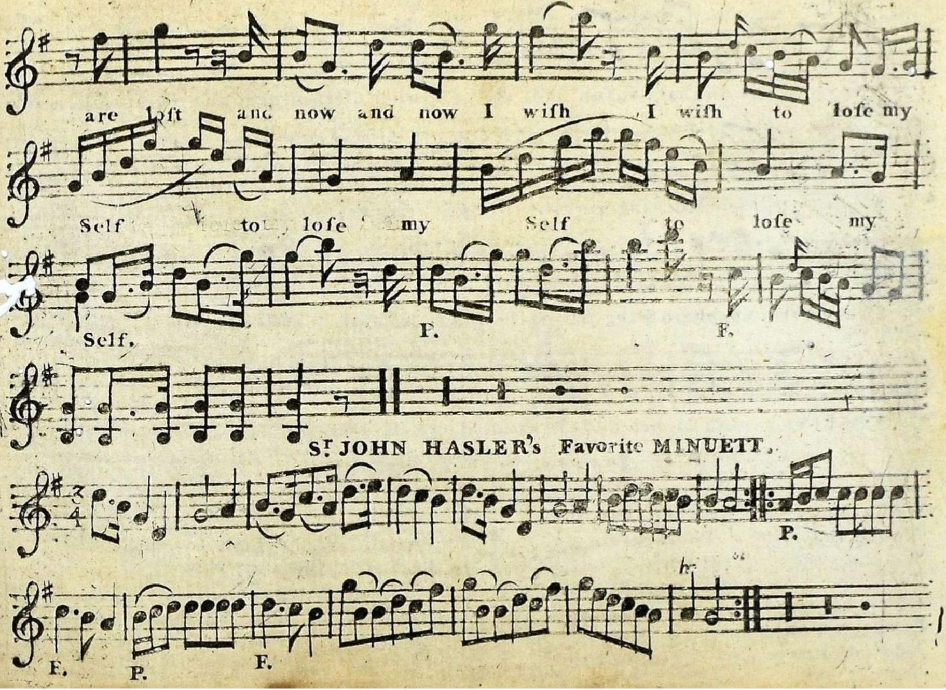
As fate had dealt to him a Routh,
Straight to the Kirk he led her,
There plighted her his Faith and Truth,
And a bonny Bride he made her;
No more afham'd to own her Love,
Or fpeak her mind thus free,
Gang down the Burn Davy Love,
And I will follow thee.

 OH Dry those TEARS a favorite SONG in LIONEL & CLARISSA

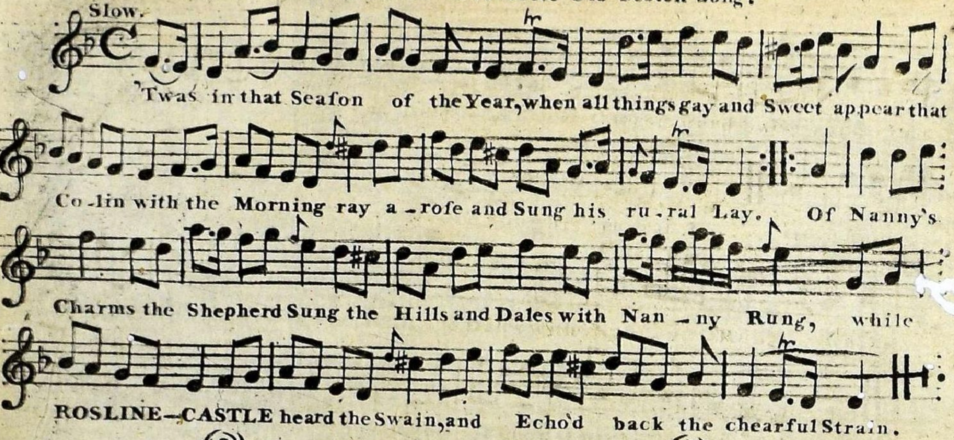



more no more the Mem'ry of paſt Scenes re_call faſt dropping
on my Heart, on my Heart they fall. Think think no more of
me no more no more the Mem'ry of paſt Scenes re__call
of paſt Scenes re__call of paſt Scenes re_call.
hr
hr
Sy.
On a wide Sea of Pas-
_si_on toſt on a wide Sea of Paſ__ſi_on toſt I
W


Split up _ on the fa _ _ tal the fa _ tal fa _ tal Shelf the fa _ tal
fa _ tal Shelf, Friendfhip and Love and Love at once are loft
Friendfhip and Love at once are loft Friendfhip and Love at once are
loft Friendfhip and Love and Love at once are loft at once are
loft and now and now I wifh I wifh to lofe my
Self, Friendfhip and Love and Love at once are loft at once


are lost and now and now I wish I wish to lose my
Self to lose my Self to lose my
Self.
P.
F.
St. JOHN HASLER's Favorite MINUETT.
P.
F.
P.
F.

ROSLINE-CASTLE. A favorite Old Scotch Song.



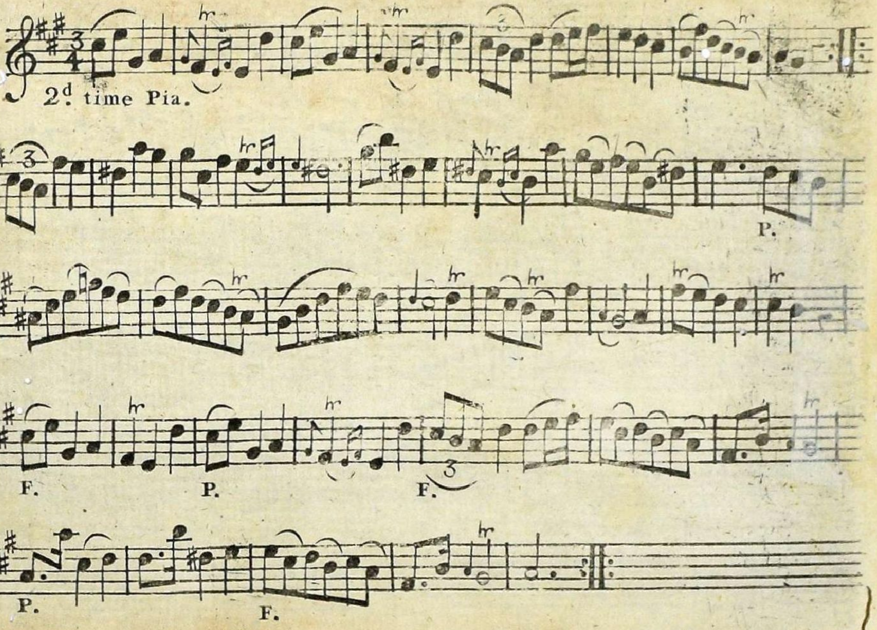
(2)

Awake, fweet Mufe! the breathing Spring
With rapture warms; awake and Sing;
Awake and join the Vocal throng,
Who hail the Morning with a Song:
To NANNY raife the chearful Lay;
O! bid her hafte and come away;
In fweeteft fmiles herfelf adorn,
And add new graces to the Morn.

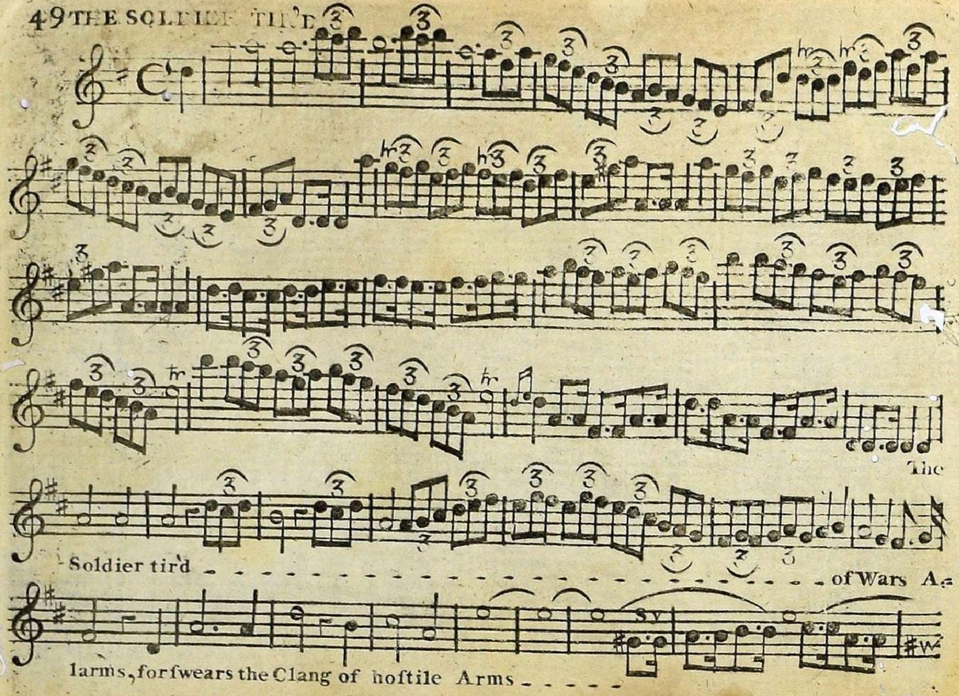
(3)

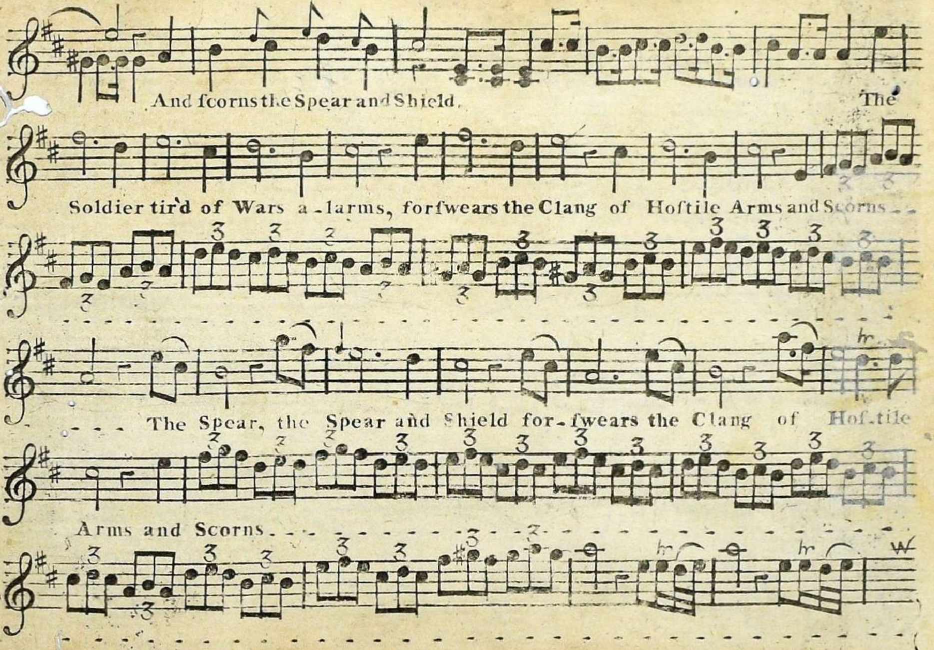
O! come, my Love! thy COLIN's Lay
With Rapture calls, O come away!
Come, while the Mufe this Wreath fhall twine
Around that modeft Brow of thine;
O! hither hafte, and with thee bring
That Beauty Blooming like the Spring,
Thofe graces that Divinely fhine,
And Charm this ravifh'd Breaft of mine.

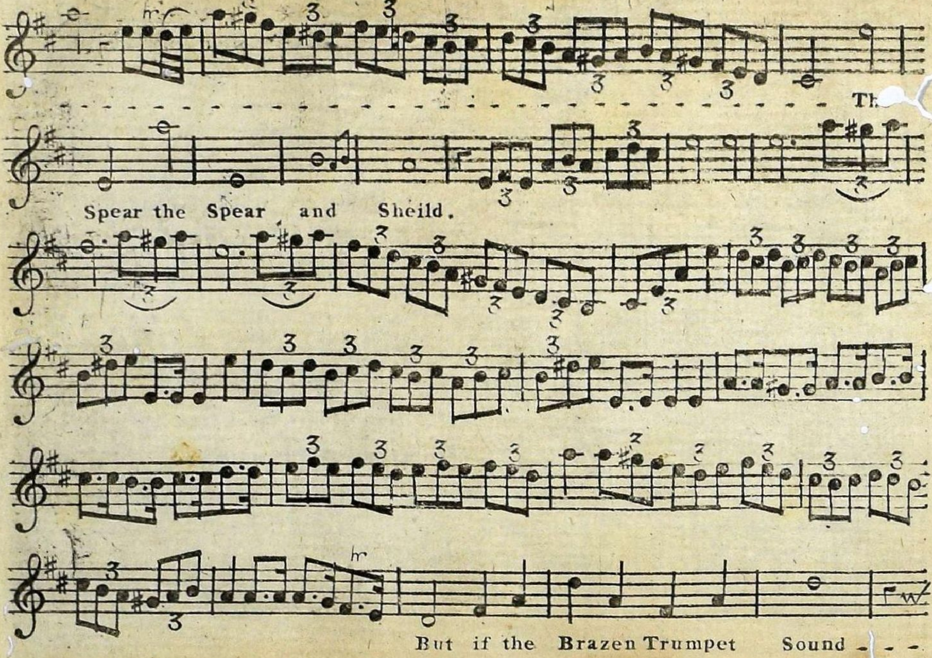
MINUETT by Dr. ARNE.

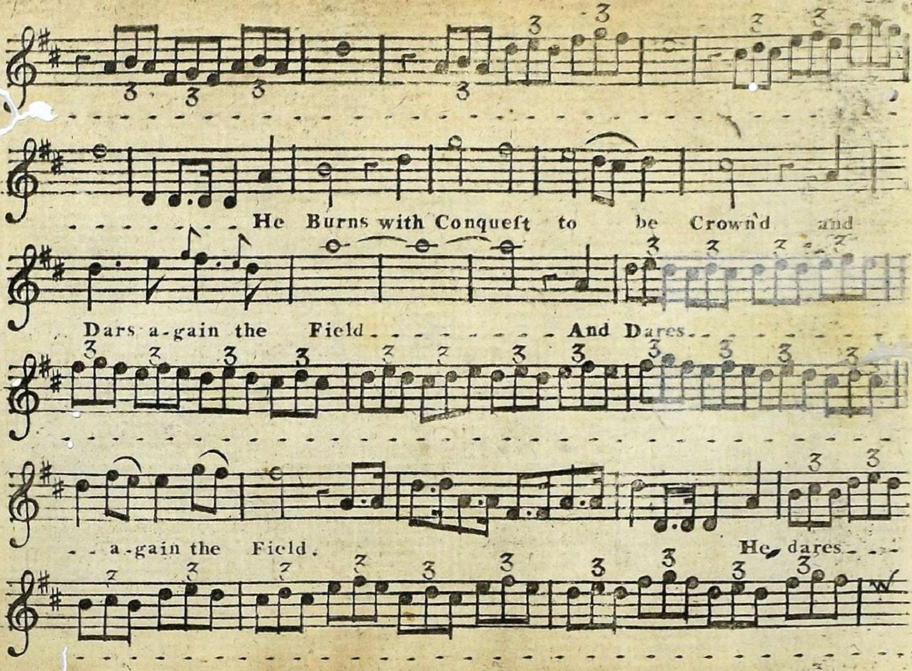


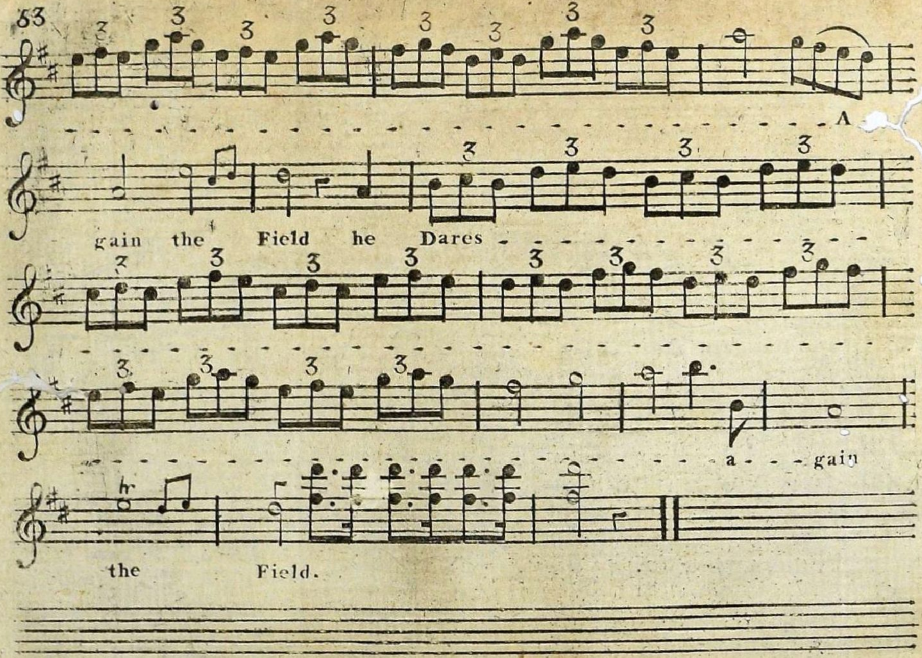
THE SOLDIER TIR'D



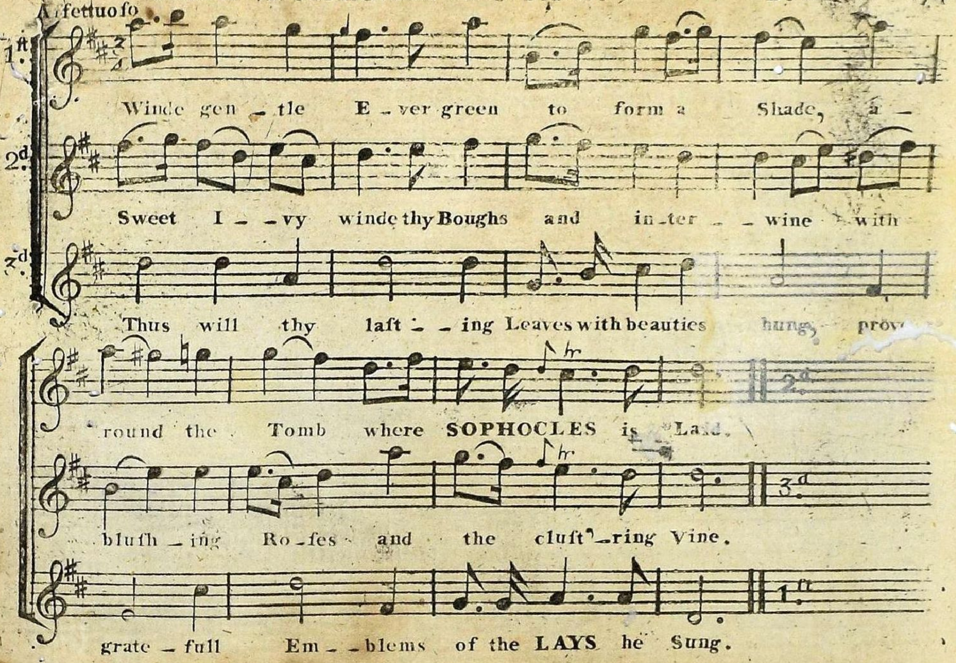

And fcorns the Spear and Shield. The
Soldier tir'd of Wars a-larms, forfwears the Clang of Hoftile Arms and Scorns
The Spear, the Spear and Shield for-fwears the Clang of Hof-tile
Arms and Scorns


Th
Spear the Spear and Sheild.
But if the Brazen Trumpet Sound

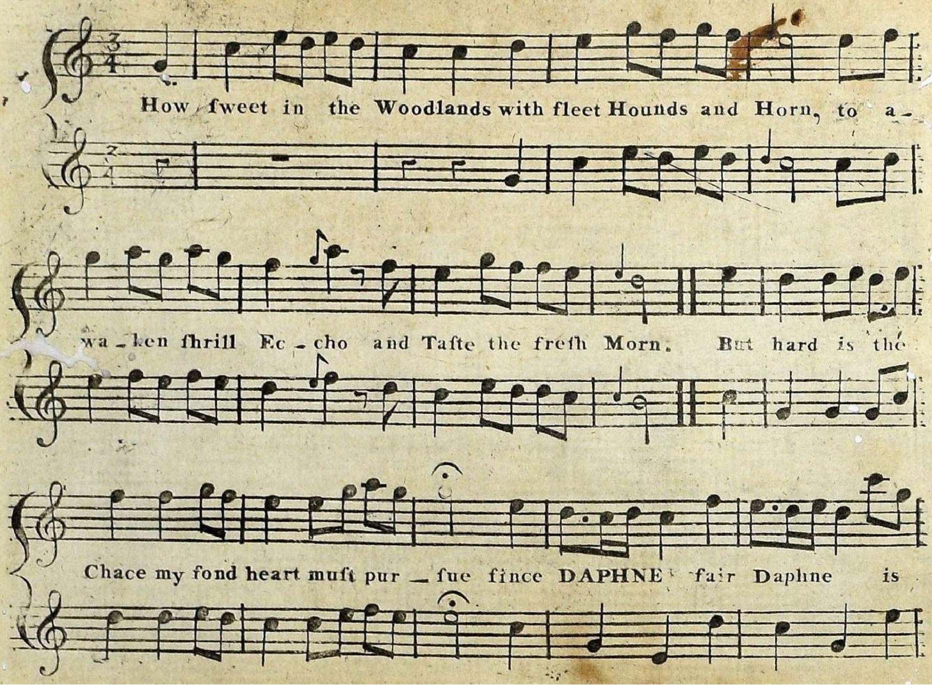

He Burns with Conqueſt to be Crown'd and
Dars a-gain the Field
And Dares
a-gain the Field.
He dares

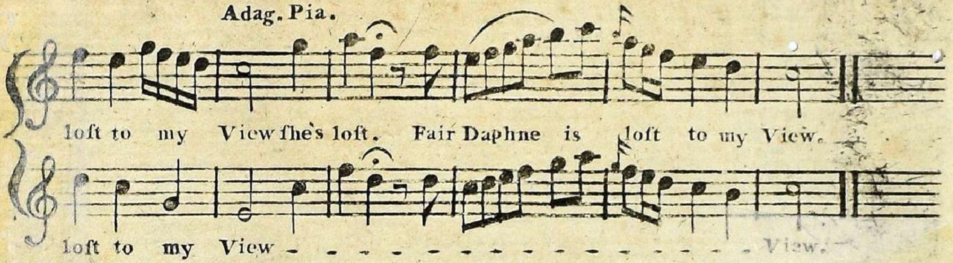

A
gain the Field he Dares
a gain
the Field.

CATCH on SOPHOCLES for 3 Flutes. Dr Hayes.



 A favorite DUETT for 2 G: FLUTES.

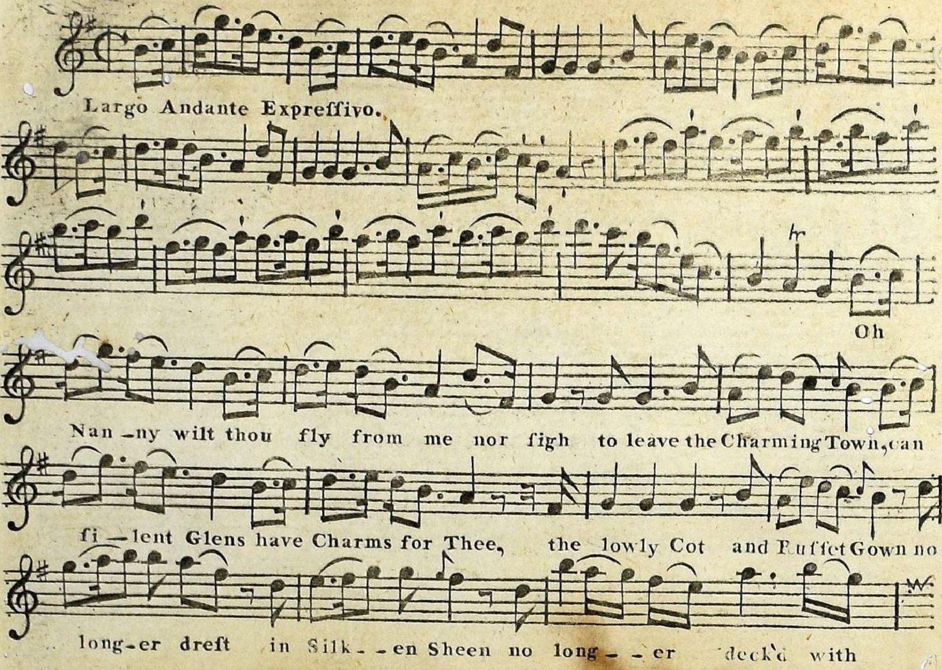


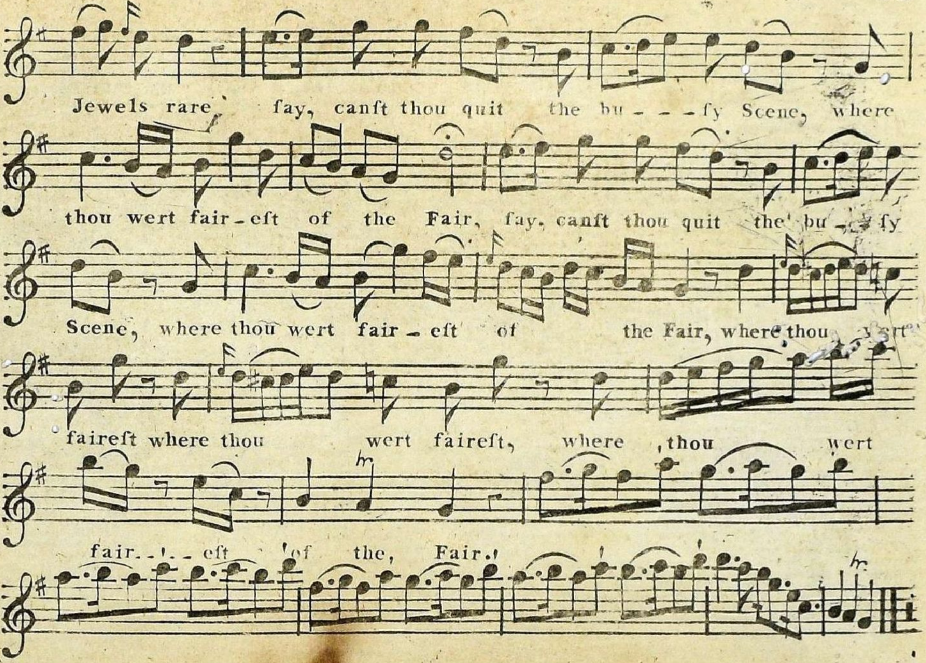


2

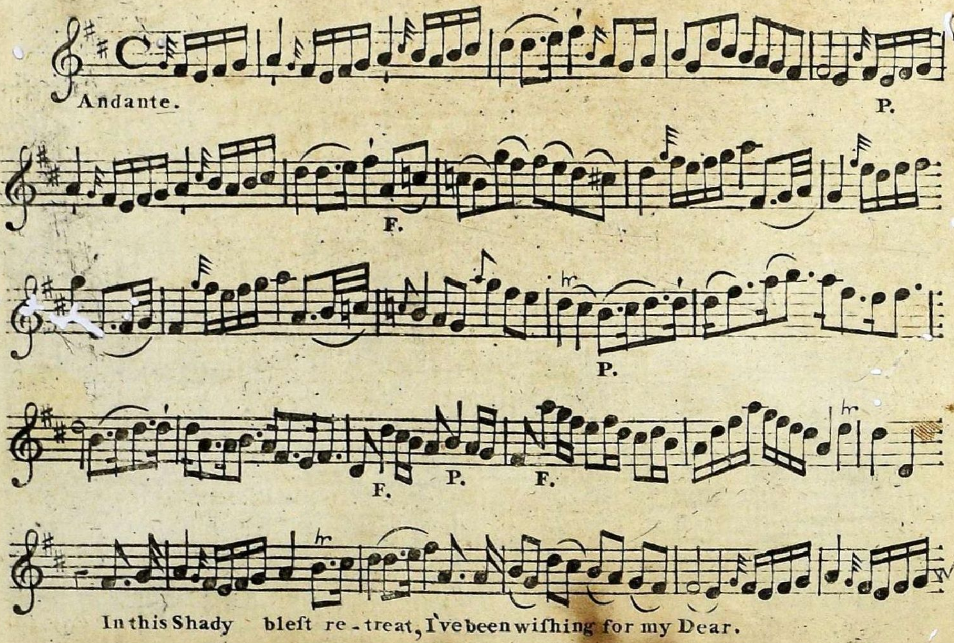
Affift me, chaft Dian, the Nymph to regain,
More wild than the Roe—Buck and wing'd with difdain,
In pity o'ertake her who Wounds as fhe flies,
Tho Daphne's purfued 'tis Myrtilla that Dies,
That Dies, that Dies 'tis Myrtilla that Dies.

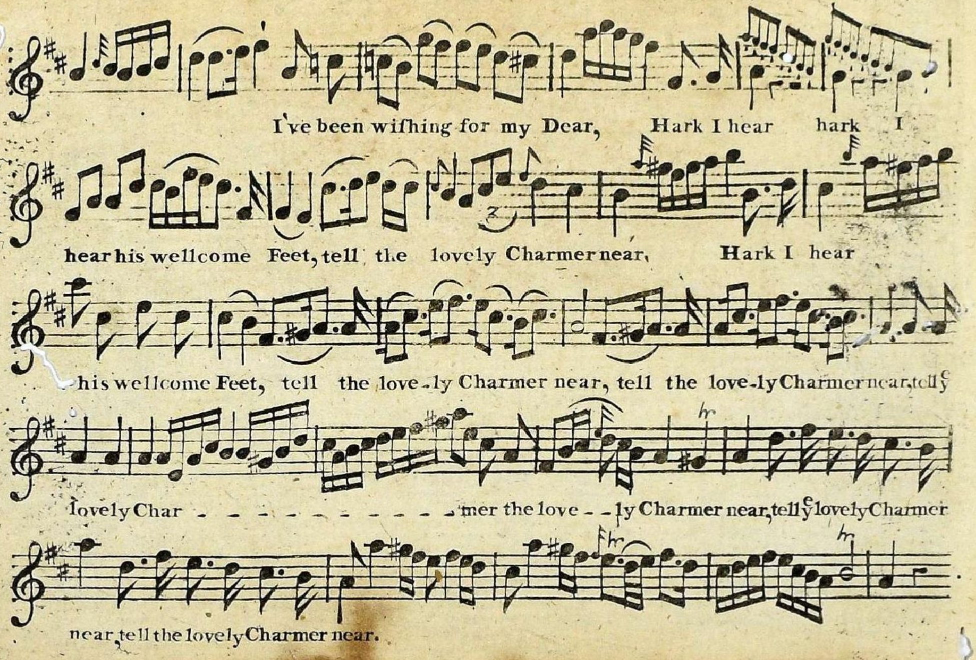
 Sung by Mr. VERNON at Vauxhall.

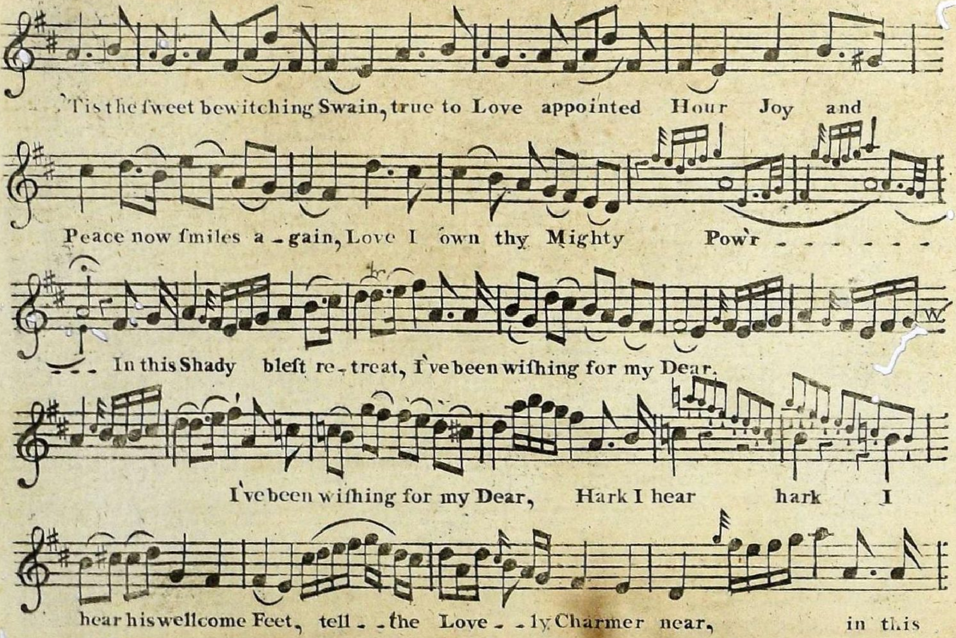


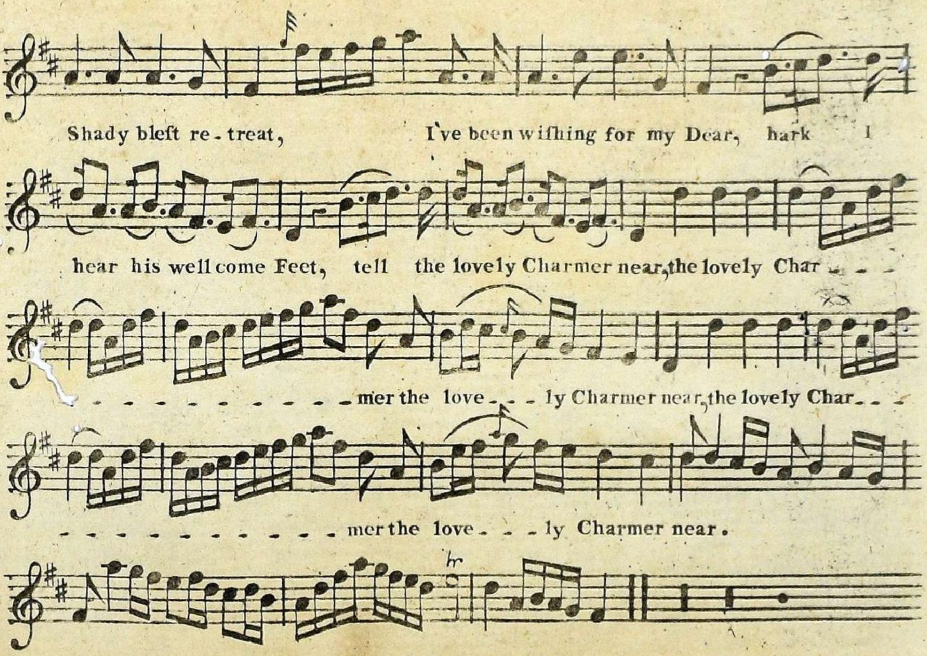

Jewels rare fay, canſt thou quit the bu - - - ſy Scene, where
thou wert fair - eſt of the Fair, fay, canſt thou quit the bu - ſy
Scene, where thou wert fair - eſt of the Fair, where thou wert
faireſt where thou wert faireſt, where thou wert
fair - - eſt of the, Fair.

In this SHADY Blest Retreat.

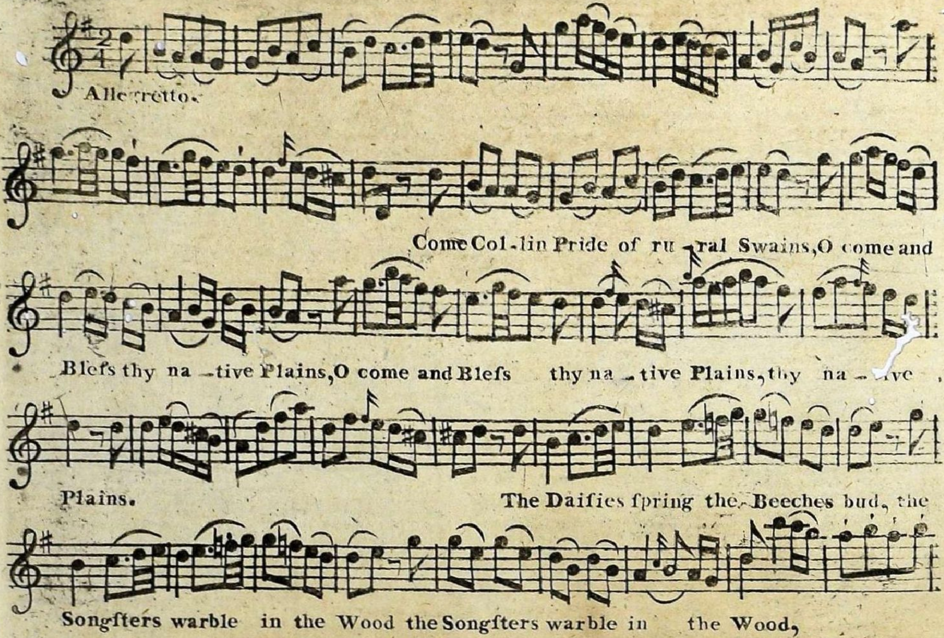


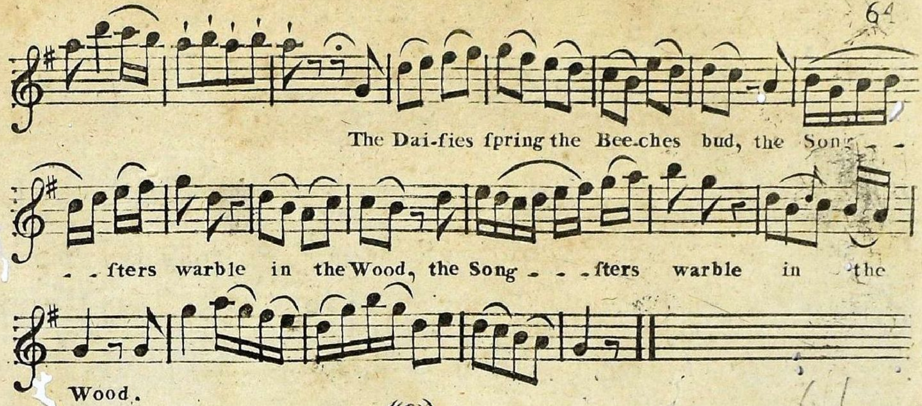

I've been wiſhing for my Dear, Hark I hear hark I
hear his wellcome Feet, tell the lovely Charmer near, Hark I hear
his wellcome Feet, tell the love-ly Charmer near, tell the love-ly Charmer near, tell ye
lovely Char - - - - - - - - mer the love - - ly Charmer near, tell ye lovely Charmer
near, tell the lovely Charmer near.


'Tis the ſweet bewitching Swain, true to Love appointed Hour Joy and
Peace now ſmiles a - gain, Love I own thy Mighty Pow'r - - - - - - -
- - - In this Shady bleſt re - treat, I've been wiſhing for my Dear.
I've been wiſhing for my Dear, Hark I hear hark I
hear his wellcome Feet, tell - - the Love - - ly Charmer near, in this


Shady bleſt re - treat, I've been wiſhing for my Dear, hark I
hear his well come Feet, tell the lovely Charmer near, the lovely Char - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - mer the love - - - ly Charmer near, the lovely Char - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - mer the love - - - ly Charmer near.

Come COLLIN, Pride of rural SWAINS.





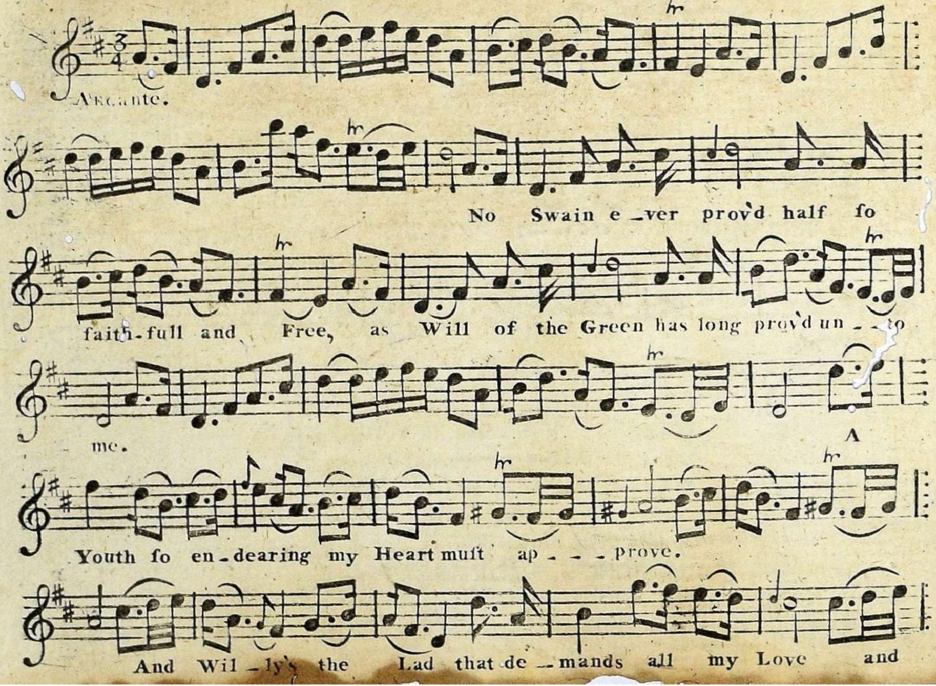
((2))

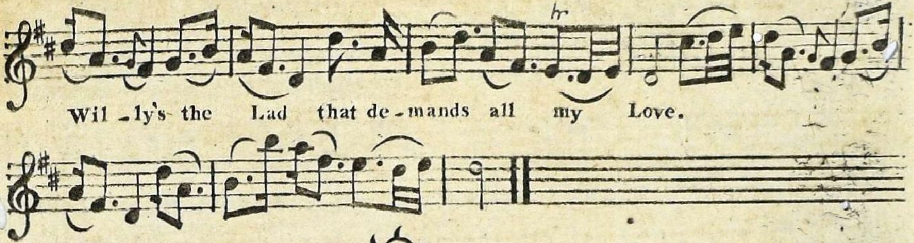
Come Colin hafte O hafte away,
Your Smiles will make the Village gay;
When you return, the Vernal Breeze,
Will wake the Birds and fan the Trees.

((3))

O come and fee the Violets fpring,
The Meadows laugh the Linnets fing;
Your Eyes our joylefs hearts can Cheer,
O hafte and make us happy here.

 WILLY of the Green, Sung by Mrs. Hudson at Vauxhall.



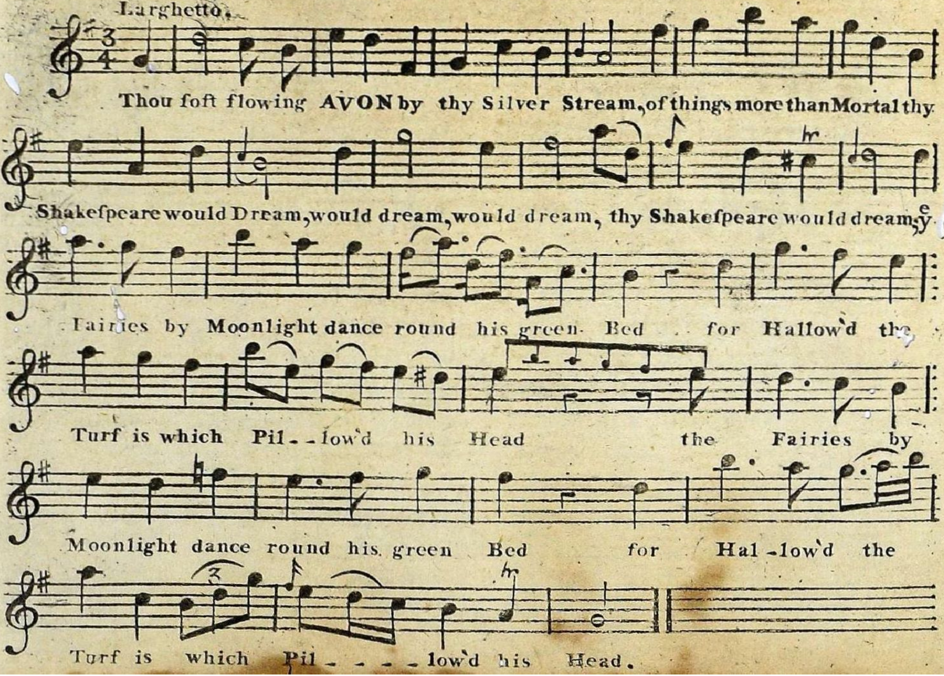


When he is but near, and my Lambs all at Play,
Dull Winter appears full as pleafant as May;
So kindly he treats me, fo manly his Love,
Young Willy's the Lad that my Heart muft approve.

3

Should he prove but true, and will take me for Life,
E're Summer is gone, he fhall make me his Wife;
For Worth like to his ev'ry Heart muft approve,
And Willy's the Lad that demands all my Love.

Song in Dr. ARNE's ODE.



2

The Love ſtricken Maiden, the Sighing young Swain,
Here Rove without danger, and Sigh without Pain;
The ſweet Bud of Beauty no blights ſhall here dread,
For Hallow'd the Turf is which Pillow'd his Head.

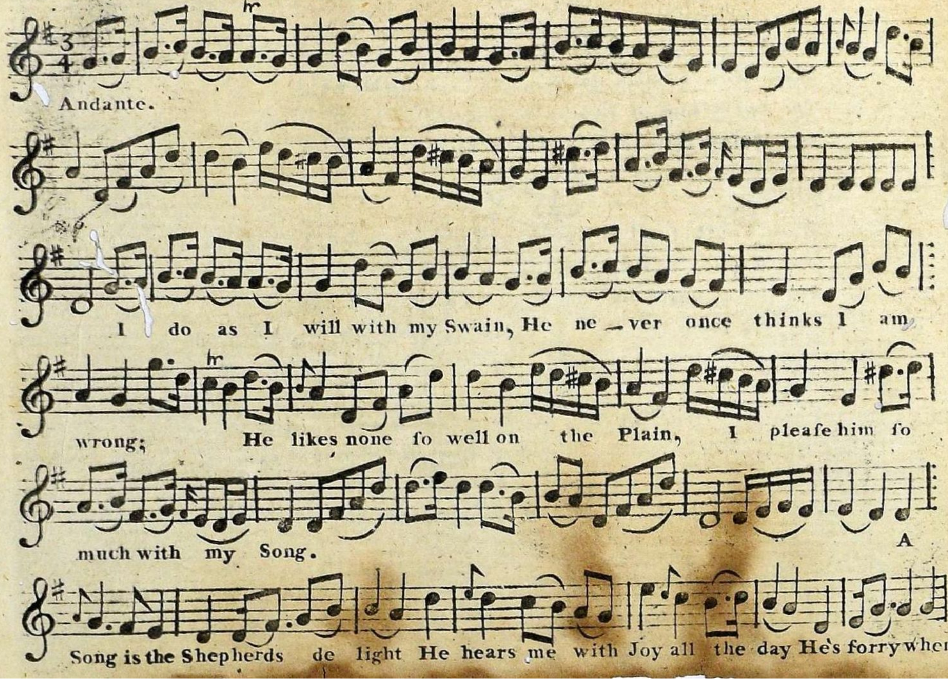
3

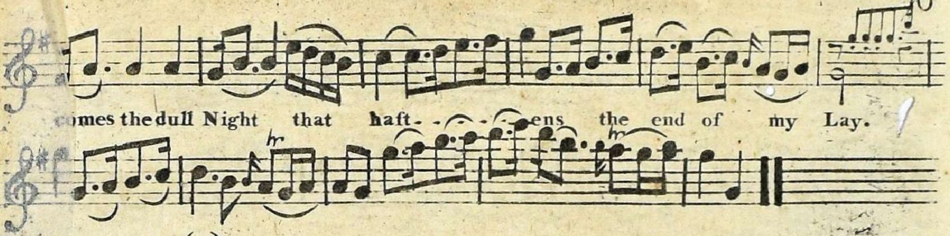
Here Youth ſhall be fam'd for their Love and their Truth,
And ſmiling Old Age feel the ſpirit of Youth;
For the raptures of Fancy here Poets ſhall tread,
For Hallow'd the Turf is which Pillow'd his Head.

4

Flow on Silver AVON, in Song ever Flow,
Be the Swans on thy Boſom ſtill whiter than Snow;
Ever full be thy Stream like his Fame may it ſpread,
And the Turf ever Hallow'd that Pillow'd his Head.

69 I do as I will with my SWAIN. Sung by MISS JAMESON.





(2)

With Spleen and with Care once oppreſt,
He aſk'd me to ſooth him the while;
My Voice ſet his Mind all to reſt,
And the Shepherd wou'd inſtantly ſmile:
Since when, or in Mead, or in Grove,
By his Flocks, or the clear Rivers ſide;
I Sing my beſt Songs to my Love,
And to charm him is grown all my Pride.

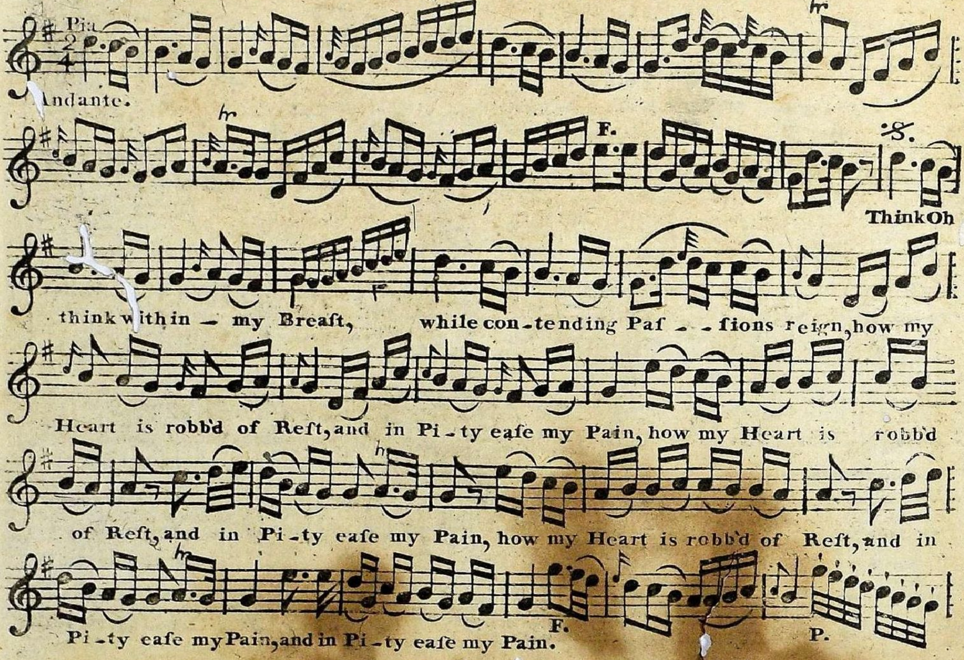
(3)

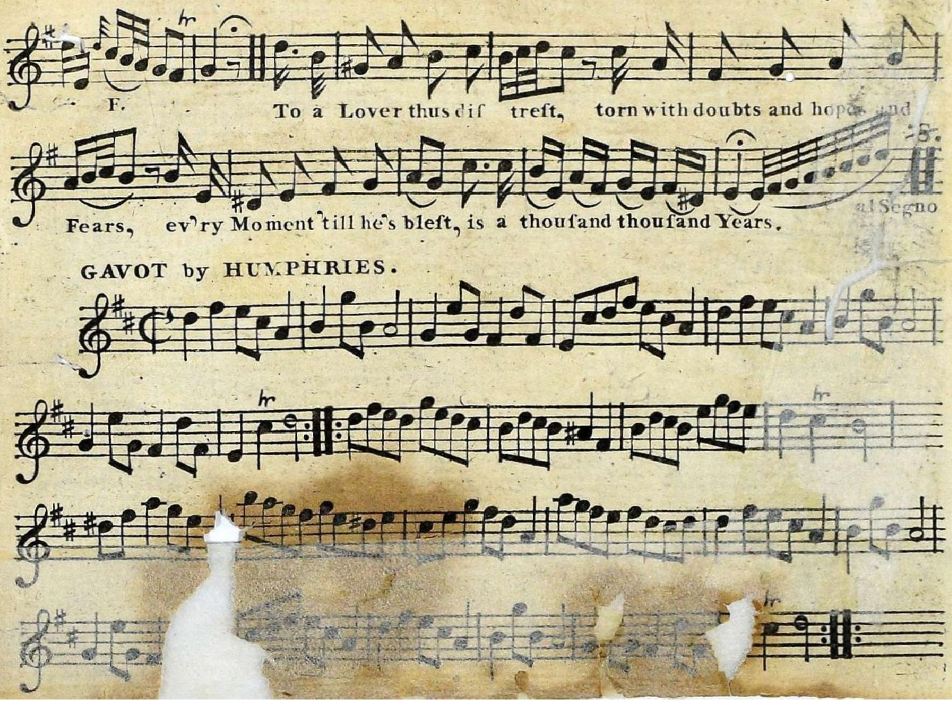
No Beauty had I to endear,
No Treaſures of Nature or Art;
But my Voice that had gain'd on his Ear,
Soon found out the way to his Heart:
To try if that Voice wou'd not pleaſe,
He took me to join the gay throng;
I won the rich Prize all with eaſe,
And my Fames gone abroad with my Song.

(4)

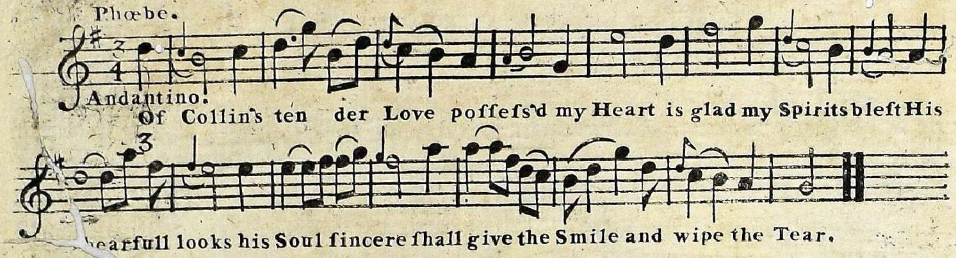
But let me not Jealouſy raiſe,
I wiſh to enchant but my Swain;
Enough then for me is his Praiſe,
I Sing but for him the lov'd Strain.
When Youth, Wealth, and Beauty may fail,
And your Shepherds elude all your Skill;
Your ſweetneſs of Song may prevail,
And gain all your Swains to your Will.

71 Sung by Mr. VERNON in Daphne and Amintor.




F.
To a Lover thus diſ treſt, torn with doubts and
Fears, ev'ry Moment till he's bleſt, is a thouſand thouſand Years.
al Segno
GAVOT by HUMPHRIES.

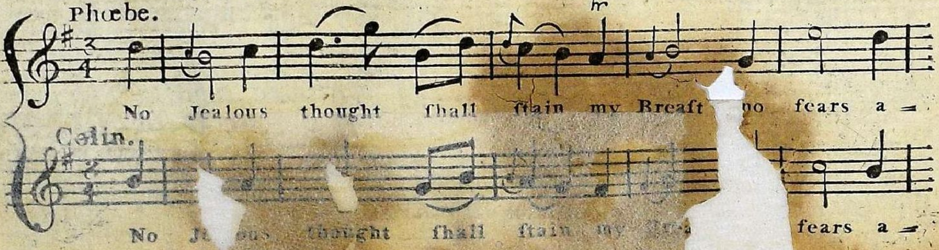
Dialogue and DUET in the Capricious LOVERS.

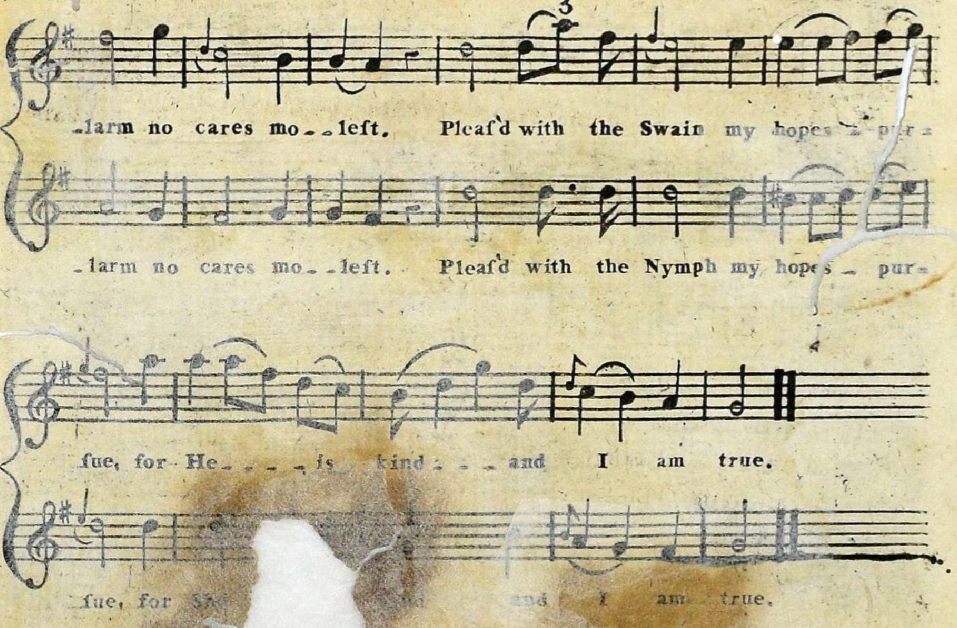


COLIN.

No Splendor gilds my homely Scene,
My Stores are few my Cottage mean;
But Phœbe's ſmiles reward my Pain,
And Colin is a wealthy Swain.

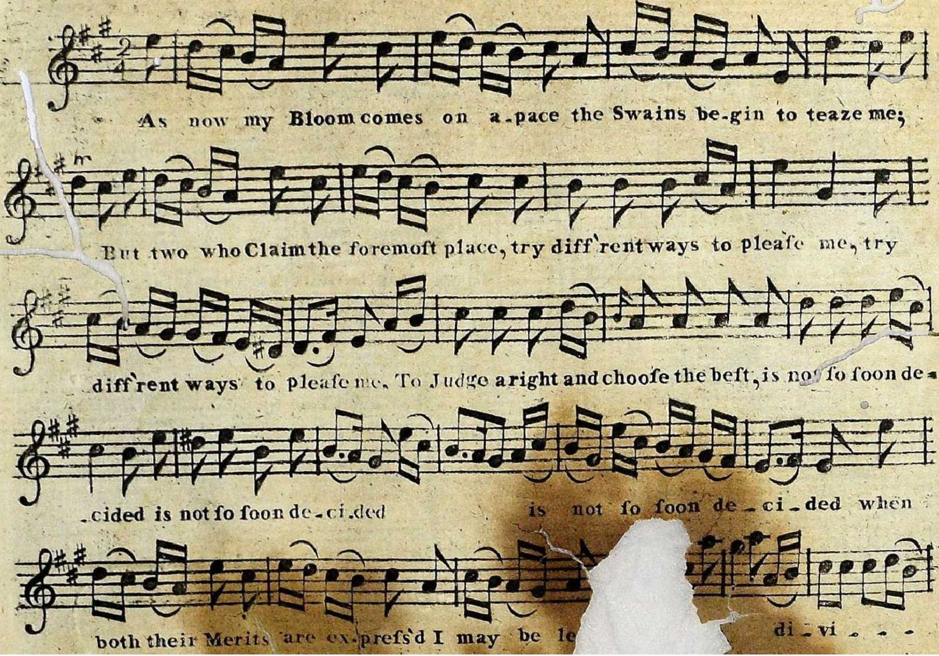
DUET.

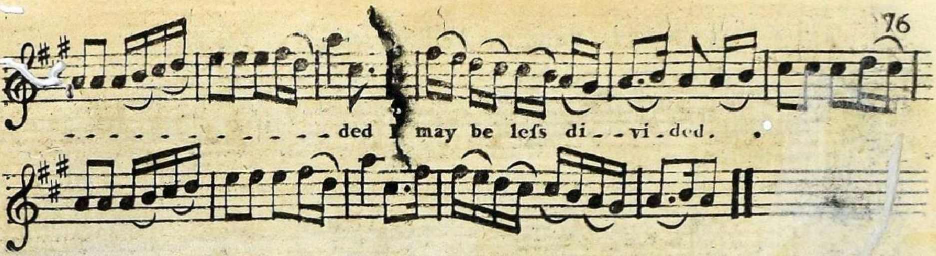




-larm no cares mo- -leſt. Pleaſ'd with the Swain my hopes - pur-
-larm no cares mo- -leſt. Pleaſ'd with the Nymph my hopes - pur-
ſue, for He - - - - is kind - - - and I am true.
ſue, for
and I am true.

As now my BLOOM. Sung by Miſs Jameſon at Vauxhall.





(2)

Palæmon's Flocks unnumber'd ſtray,
He's rich beyond all meaſure;
Wou'd I but ſmile be kind and gay,
He'd give me all his Treaſure:
But then our Years ſo diſagree,
So much as I remember,
It is but May I'm ſure with me,
With him it is December.

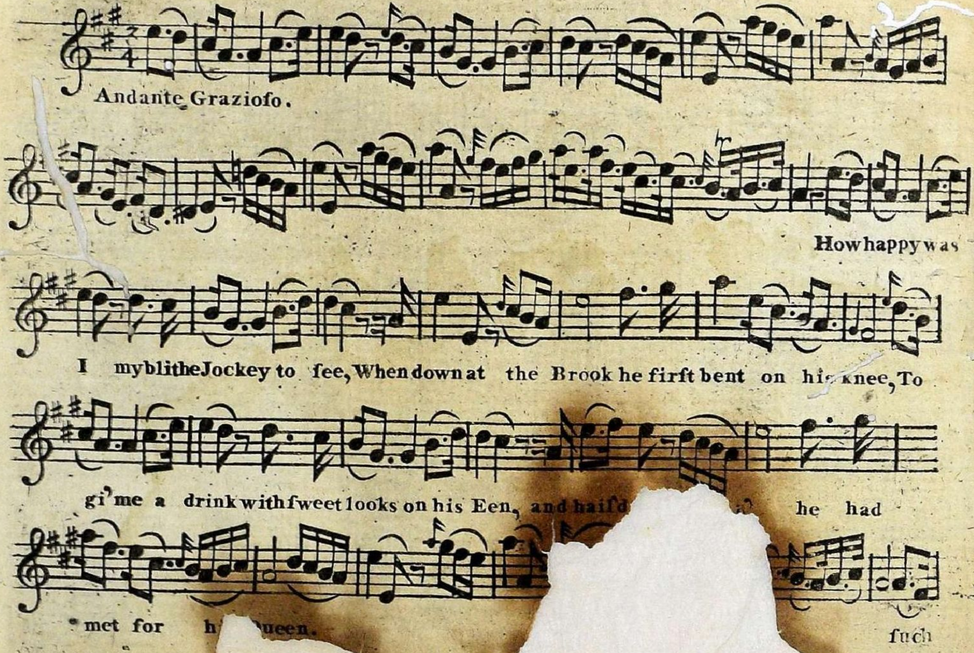
(

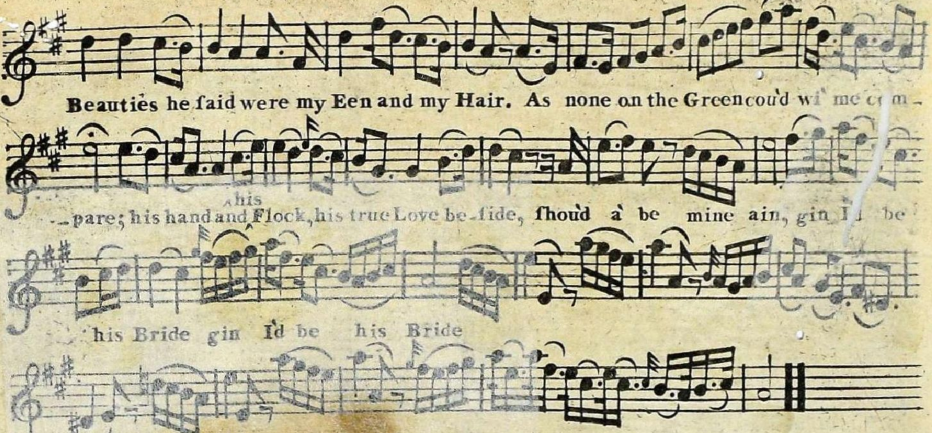
Can I who f...
Let Froſt ...
'Twould ſpo... ...me,
Bring e...
For Dreſs and Shew, to touch my Pri...
My little Heart is panting;
But then there's ſomething elſe beſide
I ſoon ſhould find was wanting.

(4)

Then Colin, thou my Choice ſhalt gain
For thou wilt ne'er deceive me;
And grey hair'd Wealth ſhall plead in vain,
For thou haſt more to give me:
My Fancy paints thee full of Charms,
Thy looks ſo Young and tender,
Love beats his new and fond Alarms;
To thee I now ...ender.

How happy was I. Sung by Mrs. Weichsell at Vauxhall.

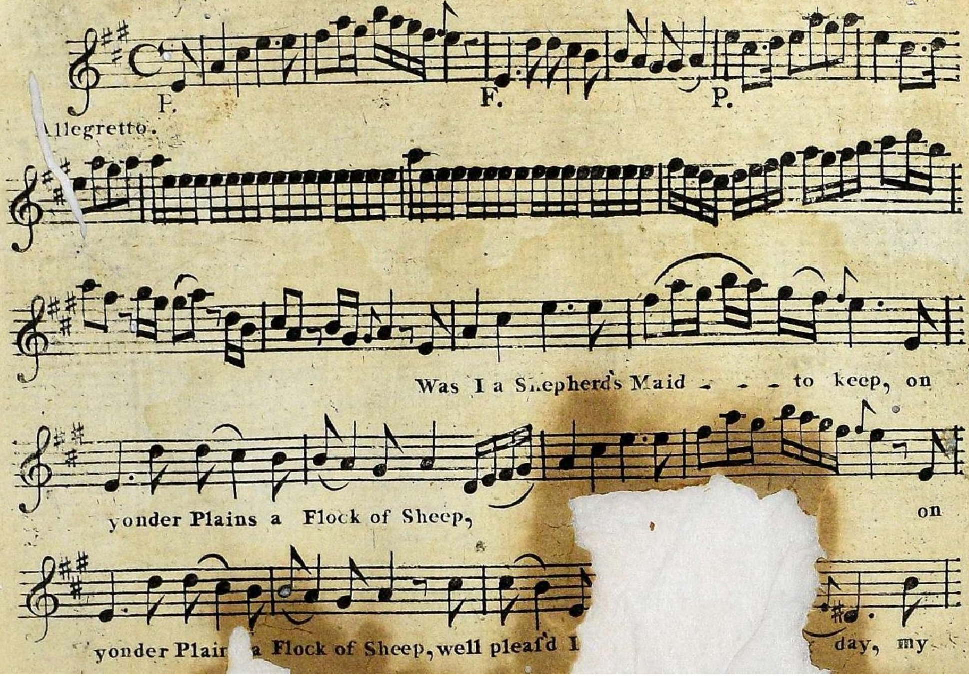


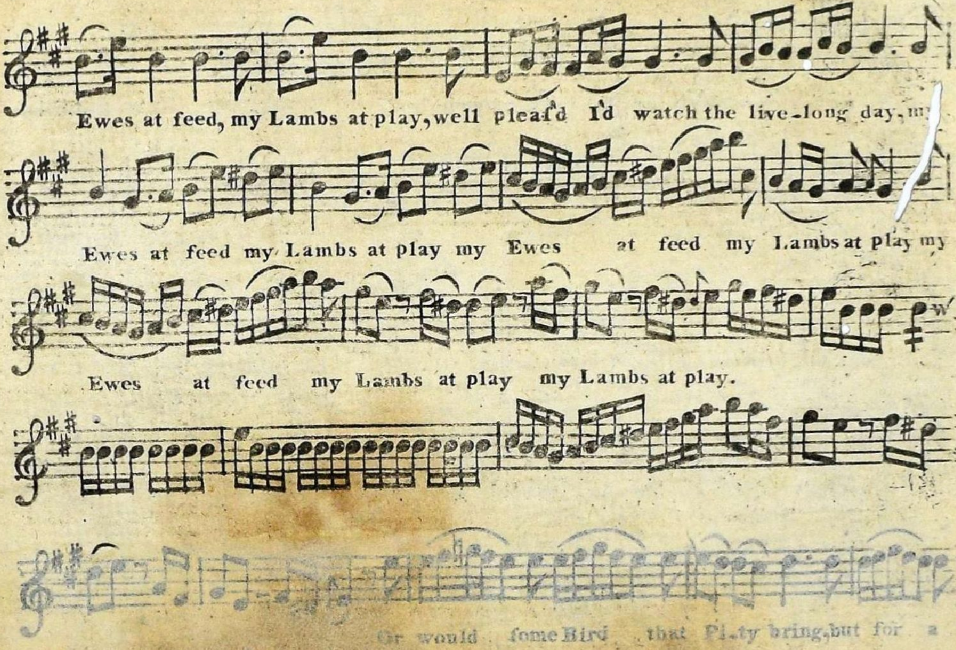


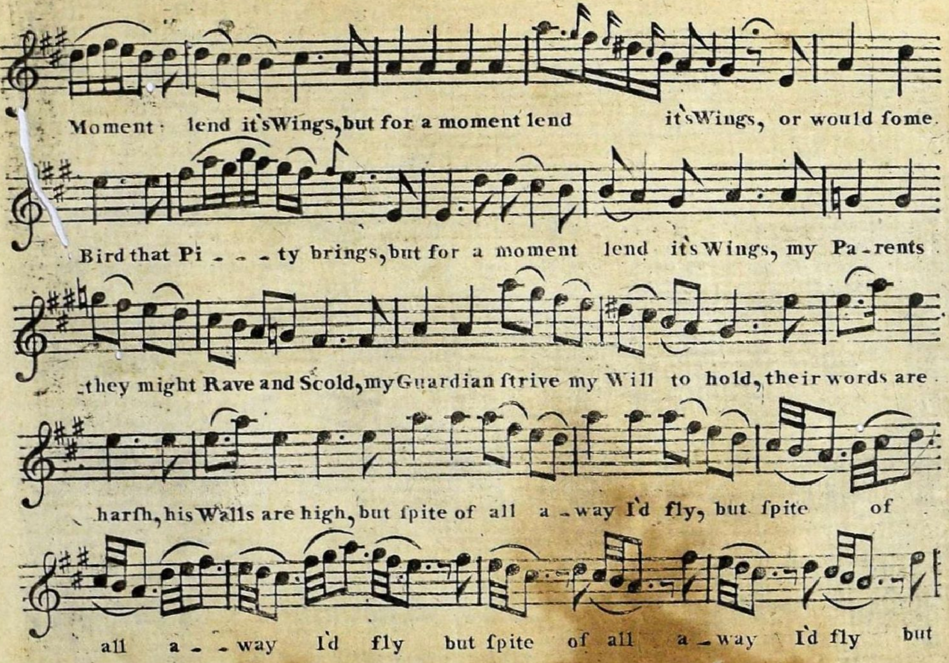
2

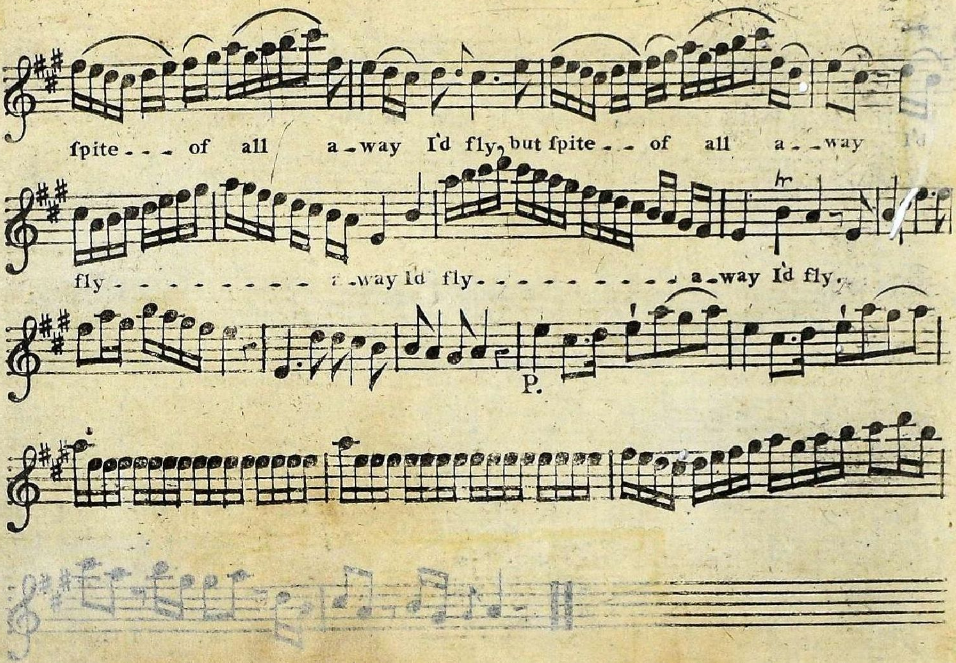
Daft Lad I re... thy Flocks never part
To the Lafs that wou'd meanly difpofe of her heart;
... in return for mine ain,
... thy Flocks I difdain:
... had it lang fyn,
... n poffeffing of mine;
... without thought of his Flock,
... d faithful Jock.

Sung by M^rs. ARNE in the Padlock.



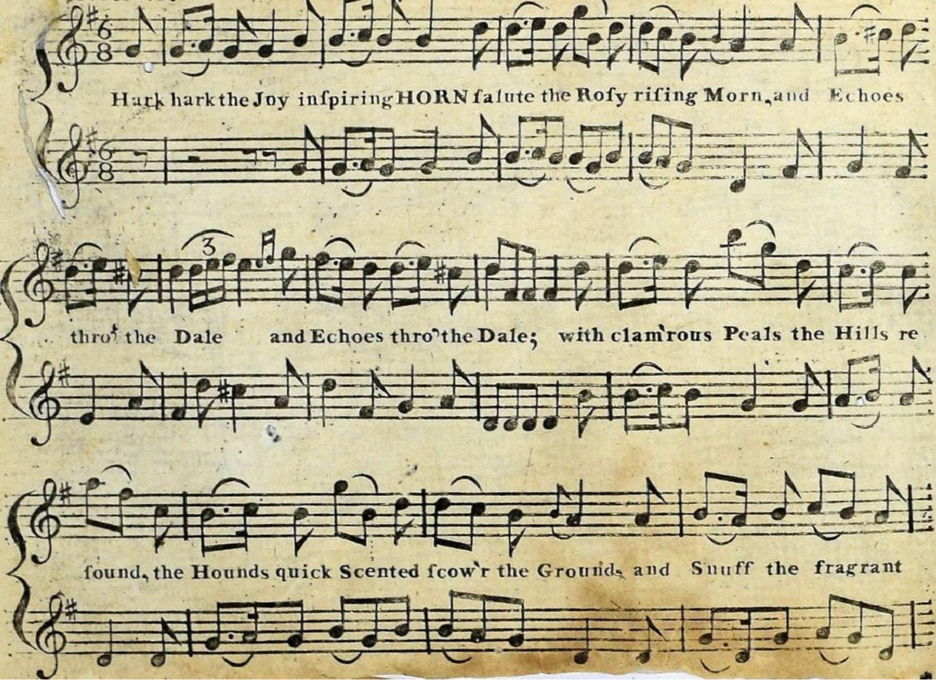

Ewes at feed, my Lambs at play, well pleas'd I'd watch the live-long day, my
Ewes at feed my Lambs at play my Ewes at feed my Lambs at play my
Ewes at feed my Lambs at play my Lambs at play.
Or would some Bird that Pity bring, but for a

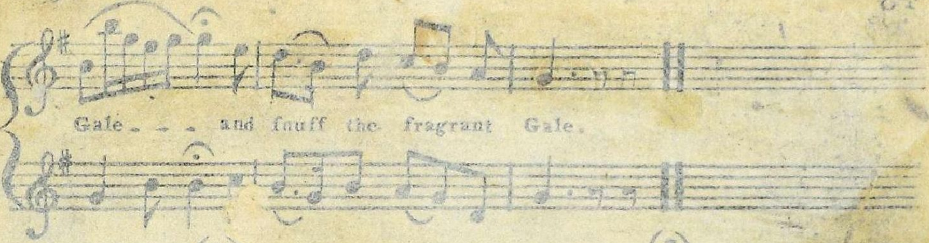

Moment : lend it's Wings, but for a moment lend it's Wings, or would ſome
Bird that Pi - - - ty brings, but for a moment lend it's Wings, my Pa - rents
they might Rave and Scold, my Guardian ſtrive my Will to hold, their words are
harſh, his Walls are high, but ſpite of all a - way I'd fly, but ſpite of
all a - - way I'd fly but ſpite of all a - way I'd fly but


ſpite - - - of all a - way I'd fly, but ſpite - - of all a - - way
fly - - - - - - - - - - a - way I'd fly - - - - - - - - - - a - way I'd fly.
P.

Hark the Joy inſpiring HORN. For 2 Flutes.

Moderato.





(2)

Nor Gates nor Hedges can impede,
The briſk high mettl'd ſtarting Steed,
The Jovial Pack purſue:
Like Light'ning darting o'er the Plains,
The diſtant Hills with ſpeed he gains,
And ſees the Game in view.

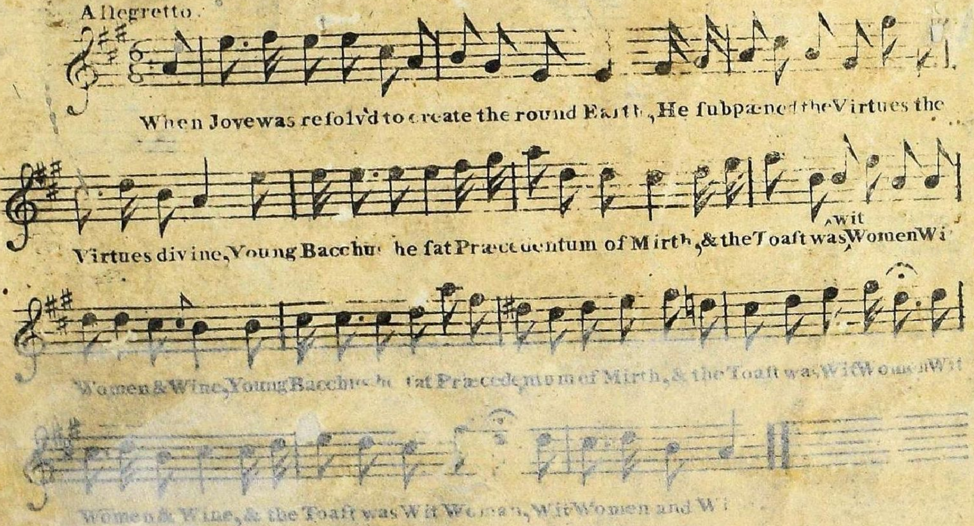
(3)

Her Path the timid Hare forſakes,
And to the Copſe for Shelter makes,
There Pants a while for Breath;
When now the Noiſe alarms her Ear,
Her haunt's deſcry'd her Fate is near,
She ſees approaching Death.

(4)

Directed by the well known Breeze,
The Hounds their trembling Victim ſeize,
She faints, She falls, She dies;
The diſtant Courſers now come in,
And join the loud Triumphant din,
'll Echo rend the Skies.

Women. Wit. and Wine. Sung by Mr. Vernon at Vauxhall.



2

The Sentiments tickled the Ear of each body,
Apollo, he wink'd to the Nine;
And Venus gave Mars too, a fly wanton
When She drank to W— Woman a